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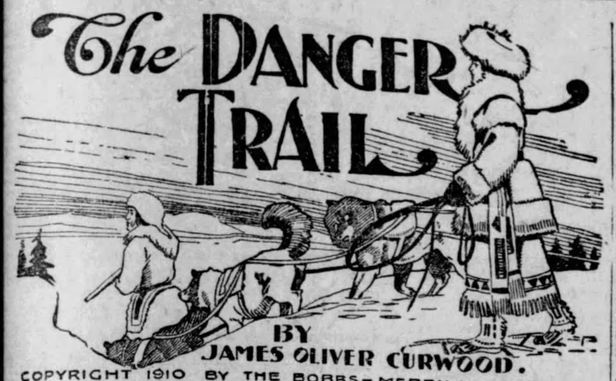

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD.

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CHAPTER I.

The Girl of the Snows.

For perhaps the first time in his life Howland felt the spirit of romance, of adventure, of sympathy for the picturesque and the unknown surging through his veins. A billion stars glowed like yellow, passionless eyes in the polar cold of the skies. Behind him, white in its sinuous twisting through the snow-smothered wilderness, lay the icy Saskatchewan, with a few scattered lights visible where Prince Albert, the last outpost of civilization, came down to the river half a mile away.

But it was into the North that Howland looked. From the top of the great ridge which he had climbed he gazed steadily into the white gloom which reached for a thousand miles from where he stood to the Arctic Sea. Faintly in the grim silence of the winter night there came to his ears the soft hissing sound of the aurora borealis as it played in its age-old song over the dome of the earth, and as he watched the cold flashes shooting like pale arrows through the distant sky and listened to its whispering music of unending loneliness and mystery, there came on him a strange feeling that it was beckoning to him and calling him—telling him that up there very near to the end of the earth lay all that he had dreamed of and hoped for since he had grown old enough to begin the shaping of a destiny of his own.

He shivered as the cold nipped at his blood, and lighted a fresh cigar, half-turning to shield himself from a wind that was growing out of the east. As the match flared in the cup of his hands for an instant there came from the black gloom of the balsam and spruce at his feet a wailing, hungerful cry that brought a startled breath from his lips. It was a cry such as Indian dogs make about the tepees of masters who are newly dead. He had never heard such a cry before, and yet he knew that it was a wolf's. It impressed him with an awe which was new to him and he stood as motionless as the trees about him until, from out the gray night-gloom to the west, there came an answering cry, and then, from far to the north, still another.

"Sounds as though I'd better go back to town," he said to himself, speaking aloud. "By George, but it's lone y!"

He descended the ridge, walked rapidly over the hard crust of snow across the Saskatchewan, and assured himself that he felt considerably easier when the lights of Prince Albert gleamed a few hundred yards ahead of him.

Jack Howland was a Chicago man, which means that he was a hustler, and not overburdened with sentiment. For fifteen of his thirty-one years he had been hustling. Since he could easily remember, he had possessed to a large measure but one ambition and one hope. With a persistence which had left him peculiarly a stranger to the more frivolous and human sides of life he had worked toward the achievement of this ambition, and tonight, because that achievement was very near at hand, he was happy. He had never been happier. There flashed across his mental vision a swiftly moving picture of the fight he had made for success. It had been a magnificent fight. Without vanity he was proud of it, for fate had handicapped him at the beginning, and still he had won out. He saw himself again the homeless little farmer boy setting out from his Illinois village to take up life in a great city; as though it had all happened but yesterday he remembered how for days and weeks he had nearly starved, how he had sold papers at first, and then, by lucky chance, became errand boy in a big drafting establishment. It was there that the ambition was born in him. He saw great engineers come and go—men who were greater than presidents to him, and who sought out the ends of the earth in the following of their vocation. He made a slave of himself in the nuturing and strengthening of his ambition to become one of them—to be a builder of railroads and bridges, a tunneler of mountains, a creator of new things in new lands. His slavery had not lessened as his years increased. Voluntarily he had kept himself in bondage, fighting ceaselessly the obstacles in his way, triumphing over his handicaps as few other men had triumphed, long, slowly, steadily, resistlessly, until now— He flung back his head and the pulse of his heart quickened as he heard again the words of Van Horn, president of the greatest engineering company on the continent.

"Howland, we've decided to put you in charge of the building of the Hudson Bay Railroad. It's one of the wildest jobs we've yet had, and Gregson and Thorne don't seem to catch on. They're bridge builders and not wilderness men. We've got to lay a single line of steel through three hundred miles of the wildest country in North America, and from this hour our motto is 'Do it or bust!' You can report at Le Pas as soon as you get your traps together."

Those words had broken the slavebonds for Howland. He had been fighting for an opportunity, and now at the opportunity had come he was sure that he would succeed. Swiftly, with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, he walked down the one main street of Prince Albert, puffing out odorous clouds of smoke from his cigar, every fiber in him tingling with the new joy that had come into his life. Another night would see him in Le Pas, the little outpost sixty miles farther east on the Saskatchewan. Then a hundred miles by dog-sledge and he would be in the big wilderness camp where three hundred men were already at work clearing a way to the great bay to the north. What a glorious achievement that road would be! It would remain for all time as a cenotaph to his ability, his courage and indomitable persistence.

It was past nine o'clock when Howland entered the little old Windsor Hotel. The big room, through the windows of which he could look out on the street and across the frozen Saskatchewan, was almst empty. The clerk had locked his cigar-case and had gone to bed. In one corner, partly shrouded in gloom, sat a half-breed trapper who had come in that day from the Lac la Ronge country, and at his feet crouched one of his wolfish sledge-dogs. Both were wide-awake and stared curiously at Howland as he came in. In front of the two large windows sat half a dozen men, as silent as the half-breed, clad in moccasins and thick caribou skin coats. One of them was the factor from a Hudson Bay post at Lac Bain who had not been down to the eedge of civilization for three years; the others, including two Crees and a Crippewayan, were hunters and Post men who had driven in their furs from a hundred miles to the north.

For a moment Howland paused in the middle of the room and looked about him. Ordinarily he would have liked this quiet, and would have gone to one of the two rude tables to write a letter or work out a problem of somt sort, for he always carried a pocketful of problems about with him. His fifteen years of study and unceasing slavery to his ambition had made him naturally as taciturn as these grim men of the North, who were born to silence. But tonight there had come a change over him. He wanted to talk. He wanted to ask questions. He longed for human companionship, for some kind of mental exhilaration beyond that furnished by his own thoughts. Feeling in his pocket for a cigar he seated himself before one of the windows and proffered it to the factor from Lac Bain.

"You smoke?" he asked companionably.

"I was born in a wigwam," said the factor slowly, taking the cigar. "Thank you."

"Deuced polite for a man who hasn't seen civilization for three years," thought Howland, seating himself comfortably, with his feet on the window sill. Aloud he said, "The clerk tells me you are from Lac Bain. That's a good distance north, isn't it?"

"Four hundred miles," replied the factor with quiet terseness. "We're on the edge of the Barren Lands."

"Whew!" Howland shrugged his shoulders. Then he volunteered, "I'm going north myself tomorrow."

"Post man?"

"No; engineer I'm putting through the Hudson Bay Railroad."

He spoke the words quite clearly and as they fell from his lips the half-breed, partly concealed in the gloom behind him, straightened with the alert quickness of a cat. He leaned forward eagerly, his black eyes gleaming, and then rose softly from his seat His moccasined feet made no sound as he came up behind Howland. It was the big huskie who first gave a sign of his presence. For a moment the upturned eyes of the young engineer met those of the half-breed. That look gave Howland a glimpse of a face which he could never forget—a thin, dark, sensitive face framed in shining, jet-black hair, and a pair of eyes that were the most beautiful he had ever seen in a man. Sometimes a look decides great friendship or bitter hatred between men. And something nameless, unaccountable passed between these two. Not until the half-breed had turned and was walking swiftly away did Howland realize that he wanted to speak to him, to grip him by the hand, to know him by name. He watched the slender form of the northerner, as lithe and graceful in its movement as a wild thing of the forests, until it passed from the door into the night.

"Who was that?" he asked, turning to the factor.

"His name is Croissett. He comes from the Wholdaia country, beyond Lac la Ronge."

"French?"

"Half French, half Cree."

The factor resumed his steady gaze out into the white distance of the night, and Howland gave up his effort at conversation. After a little his companion shoved back his chair and bade him goodnight. The Crees and Chippewayan followed him, and a few minutes later the two white hunters left the engineer alone before the windows.

"Mighty funny people," he said half aloud. "Wonder if they ever talk!"

He leaned forward, elbows on his knees, and stared to catch a sign of moving life outside. In him there was no desire for sleep. Often he had called himself a night-bird, but seldom had he been more wakeful than on this night. The elation of his triumph, of his success, had not yet worn itself down to a normal and reasoning satisfaction, and his chief longing was for the day, and the day after that, and the next day, when he would take the place of Gregson and Thorne. Every muscle in his body was vibrant in its desire for action. He looked at his watch. It was only 10 o'clock. Since supper he had smoked almost ceaselessly. Now he lighted another cigar and stood up close to one of the windows.

Faintly he caught the sound of a step on the boardwalk outside. It was a light, quick step, and for an instant it hesitated, just out of his vision Then it approached, and suddenly the figure of a woman stopped in front of the window. How she was dressed Howland could not have told a moment later. All that he saw was the face, white in the white night —a face on which the shimmering starlight fell as it was lifted to his gaze. beautiful, as clear-cut as a cameo, with eyes that looked up at him half-pleadingly, half-luringly, as if about to speak to him. He stared, moveless in his astonishment, and in another breath the face was gone.

With a hurried exclamation he ran across the empty room to the door and looked down the starlit street. To go from the window to the door took him but a few seconds, yet he found the street deserter—deserted except for a solitary figure three blocks away and a dog that growled at him as he thrust out his head and shoulders. He heard no sound of footsteps, no opening or closing of a door. Only there came to him that faint, hissing music of the northern skies, and once more, from the black forest beyond the Saskatchewan, the infinite sadness of the wolf-howl.

CHAPTER II.

Lips That Speak Not.

Howland was not a man easily susceptible to a pair of eyes and a pretty face. The practical side of his nature was too much absorbed in its dev ces and schemes for the building of material things to allow the breaking in of romance. At least Howland had always complimented himself on this fact, and he laughed a little nervously as he went back to his seat near the window. He was conscious that a flush of unusual excitement had leaped into his cheeks and already the practical side of him was ashamed of that to which the romantic side had surrendered.

"The deuce, but she was pretty!" he excused himself. "And those eyes—"

Suddenly he checked himself. There had been more than the eyes; more than the pretty face! Why had the girl paused in front of the window? Why had she looked at him so intently, as though on the point of speech? The smile and the flush left his face as these questions came to him and he wondered if he had failed to comprehend something which she had meant him to understand. After all, might it not have been a case of mistaken identity? For a moment she had believed that she recognized him—then, seeing her mistake, had passed swiftly down the street. Under ordinary circumstances Howland would have accepted this solut on of the incident. But tonight he was in an unusual mood, and it quickly occurred to him that even if his supposition were true it did not explain the pallor in the girl's face and the strange entreaty which had glowed for an instant in her eyes.

Anyway it was none of his business, and he walked casually to the door. At the end of the street, a quarter of a mile distant, a red light burned feebly over the front of a Chinese restaurant, and in a mechanical fashion his footsteps led him in that direction.

"I'll drop in and have a cup of tea," he assured himself, throwing away the stub of his cigar and filling his lungs with great breaths of the cold, dry air. "Lord, but it's a glorious night! I wish Van Horn could see it."

He stopped and turned his eyes again into the north. Its myriad stars, white and unshivering, the elusive play of the mysterious lights hovering over the pole, and the black edge of the wilderness beyond the river were holding a greater and greater fascination for him. Since morning, when he had looked on that wilderness for the first time in his life, new blood had entered into him, and he rejoiced that it was this wonderful world which was to hold for him success and fortune. Never had he dreamed that the mere joy of living would appeal to him as it did now; that the act of breathing, of seeing, of looking on wonders in which his hands had taken no part in the making, would fill him with the indefinable pleasure which had suddenly become his experience. He wondered, as he still stood gazing into the infinity of that other world beyond the Saskatchewan, if romance was really quite dead in him. Always he had laughed at romance. Work—the grim reality of action, of brain fighting brain, of cleverness pitted against other men's cleverness—had almost brought him to the point of regarding romance in life as a peculiar illusion of fools—and women. But he was fair in his concessions, and tonight he acknowledged that he had enjoyed the romance of what he had seen and heard. And most of all, his blood had been stirred by the beautiful face that had looked at him from out of the night.

The tuneless thrumming of a piano sounded behind him. As he passed through the low door of the restaurant a man and woman lurched past him and in their irresolute faces and leering stare he read the verification of his suspicions of the place. Through a second door he entered a large room filled with tables and chairs, and pregnant with strange odors. At one of the farther tables sat a long-queued Chinaman with his head bowed in his arms. Behind the counter stood a second, as motionless as an obelisk in the half gloom of the dimly illuminated room, his evil face challenging Howland as he entered. The sound of a piano came from above and with a bold and friendly nod the young engineer mounted a pair of stairs.

"Tough joint," he muttered, falling into his old habit of communing with himself. "Hope they make good tea."

At the sound of his footsteps on the stair the playing of the piano ceased. He was surprised at what greeted him above. In startling contrast to the loathsome environment below he entered a luxuriously appointed room, heavily hung with oriental tapestries and with half a dozn onyx tables partially concealed behind screens and gorgeously embroidered silk curtains. At one of these he seated himself and signaled for service with the tiny bell near his hand. In response there appeared a young Chinaman with close-cropped hair and attired in evening dress.

"A pot of tea," ordered Howland; and under his breath he added, "Pretty deuced good for a wilderness town! I wonder——"

He looked about him curiously. Although it was only eleven o'clock the place appeared to be empty. Yet Howland was reasonably assured that it was not empty. He was conscious of sensing in a vague sort of way the presence of others somewhere near him. He was sure that there was a faint, acrid odor lurking above that of burned incense, and he shrugged his shoulders with conviction when he paid a dollar for his pot of tea.

"Opium, as sure as your name is Jack Howland," he said, when the waiter was gone. "I wonder again—how many pots of tea do they sell in a night?"

He sipped his own leisurely, listening with all the eagerness of the new sense of freedom which had takn possession of him. The Chinaman had scarcely disappeared when he heard footsteps on the stair. In another instant a low word of surprise almost leaped from his lips. Hesitating for a moment in the doorway, her face staring straight into his own, was the girl whom he had seen through the hotel window!

For perhaps no more than five seconds their eyes met. Yet in that time there was painted on his memory a picture that Howland knew he would never forget.—His was a nature, because of the ambition imposed on it, that had never taken more than a casual interest in the form and feature of women. He had looked on beautiful faces and had admired them in a cool, dispassionate way, judging them—when he judged at all—as he might have judged the more material workmanship of his own hands. But this face that was framed for a few brief moments in the door reached out to him and stirred an interest within him which was as new as it was pleasureable. It was a beautiful face. He knew that in a fraction of the first second. It was not white, as he had first seen it through the window. The girl's cheeks were flushed. Her lips were parted, and she was breathing quickly, as though from the effect of climbing the stair. But it was her eyes that sent Howland's blood a little faster through his veins. They were glorious eyes.

The girl turned from his gaze and seated herself at a table so that he caught only her profile. The change delighted him. It afforded him another view of the picture that had appeared to him in the doorway, and he could study it without being observed in the act, though he was confident that the girl knew his eyes were on her. He refilled his tiny cup with tea and smiled when he noticed that she could easily have seated herself behind one of the screens. From the flush in her cheeks his eyes traveled critically to the rich glow of the light in her shining brown hair, which swept half over her ears in thick, soft waves, caught in a heavy coil low on her neck. Then, for the first time, he noticed her dress. It puzzled him. Her turban and muff were of deep gray lynx fur. Around her neck was a collarette of the same material. Her hands were immaculately gloved. In every feature of her lovely face, in every point of her dress, she bore the indisputable mark of refinement. The quizzical smile left his lips. The thoughts which at first had filled his mind as quickly disappeared. Who was she? Why was she here?

With cat-like quietness the young Chinaman entered between the screens and stood beside her. On a small tablet which Howland had not before observed she wrote her order. It was for tea. He noticed that she gave the waiter a dollar bill in payment and that the Chinaman returned 75 cents to her in change.

"Discrimination," he chuckled to himself. Proof that she's not a stranger here and knows the price of things."

He poured his last half cup of tea and when he lifted his eyes he was surprised to find that the girl was looking at him. For a brief interval her gaze was steady and clear; then the flush deepened in her cheeks; her long lashes drooped as the cold gray of Howland's eyes met hers in unflinching challenge, and she turned to her tea. Howland noted that the hand which lifted the little Japanese pot was trembling slightly. He leaned forward and, as if impelled by the movement, the girl turned her face to him again, the tea-urn poised above her cup. In her dark eyes was an expression which half brought him to his feet, a pathetic and yet half-frightened appeal to him. He rose, his eyes questioning her, and to her unspoken enquiry her lips formed themselves into a round, red O, and she nodded to the opposite side of her table.

"I beg your pardon," he said, seating himself. "May I give you my card?"

He felt as if there was something brutally indecent in what he was doing, and the knowledge of it sent a red flush to his cheeks. The girl read his name, smiled across the table at him and, with a pretty gesture, motioned him to bring his cup and share her tea with her. He returned to his table and when he came back with the cup in his hand she was writing on one of the pages of the tablet, which she passed across to him.

"You must pardon me for not talking," he read. "I can hear you very well, but I, unfortunately, am a mute."

He could not repress the low ejaculation of astonishment that came to his lips, and as his companion lifted her cup he saw in her face again the look that had stirred him so strangely when he stood in the window of the Hotel Windsor. Howland was not a man educated in the trivialities of chance flirtations. He lacked finesse, and now he spoke boldly and to the point, the honest candor of his gray eyes shining full on the girl.

"I saw you from the hotel window tonight," he began, "and something in your face led me to believe that you were in trouble. That is why I have ventured to be so bold. I am the engineer in charge of the new Hudson Bay railroad, just on my way to Le Pas from Chicago. I'm a stranger in town. I've never been in this—this place before. It's a very nice tea-room, an admirable blind for the opium stalls behind those walls."

In a few terse words he had covered the situation, as he would have covered a similar situation in a business deal. He had told the girl who and what he was, had revealed the cause of his interest in her, and at the same time had given her to understand that he was aware of the nature of their present environment. Closely he watched the effect of his words and in another breath was sorry that he had been so blunt. The girl's eyes traveled swiftly about her; he saw the quick rise and fall of her bosom, the swift fading of the color in her cheeks, the affrighted glow in her eyes as they came back big and questioning to him.

"I didn't know," she wrote quickly, and hesitated. Her face was as white now as when Howland had looked on it through the window. Her hand trembled nervously and for an instant her lip quivered in a way that set Howland's heart pounding tumultously within him. "I am a stranger, too," she added. "I have never been in this place before. I came because——"

She stopped, and the catching breath in her throat was almost a sob as she looked at Howland. He knew that it took an effort for her to write the next words.

"I came because you came."

"Why?" he asked. His voice was low and assuring. "Tell me—why?"

He read her words as she wrote them, leaning half across the table in his eagerness.

"I am a stranger," she repeated. "I want some one to help me. Accidentally I learned who you were and made up my mind to see you at the hotel, but when I got there I was afraid to go in. Then I saw you in the window. After a little you came out and I saw you enter here. I didn't know what kind of place it was and I followed you. Won't you please go with me—to where I am staying—and I will tell you—"

She left the sentence unfinished, her eyes pleading with him. Without a word he rose and seized his hat.

"I will go, Miss—" He laughed frankly into her face, inviting her to write her name. For a moment she smiled back at him, the color brightening her cheeks. Then she turned and hurried down the stair.

Outside Howland gave her his arm. His eyes, passing above her, caught again the luring play of the aurora in the north. He flung back his shoulders, drank in the fresh air, and laughed in the buoyancy of the new life that he felt.

"It's a glorious night!" he exclaimed.

The girl nodded, and smiled up at him. Her face was very near to his shoulder, ever more beautiful in the white light of the stars.

They did not look behind them. Neither heard the quiet fall of moccasined feet a dozen yards away. Neither saw the gleaming eyes and the thin, dark face of Jean Croisset, the half-breed, as they walked swiftly in the direction of the Saskatchewan.

(To be continued.)

Modern Magic.

Sleeping in earth's dark recesses,
Leaping nupwatd to the day,
Tempted by the sun's caresses
Forth is silent glee to stray
Like a mighty melted jewel
Swift and silently it flows;
Next, a fiery monster cruel,
It augments a nation's woes.
Deep y bubbling!
Light as air.
Cheering, troubling
Everywhere!

Rushing o'er the world below us,
Hurl ng madly through the sky
At the call of men who show us
That they do not fear to die.
Lavers leap and wheels are grinding
In the great, mysterious change,
Now a force beyond all b nding;
Now an odor faint and strange—
Necromancer
Weird, I ween!
What's the answer?
Gasolene. —Washington Star.

THE HEAVENS DURING THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER

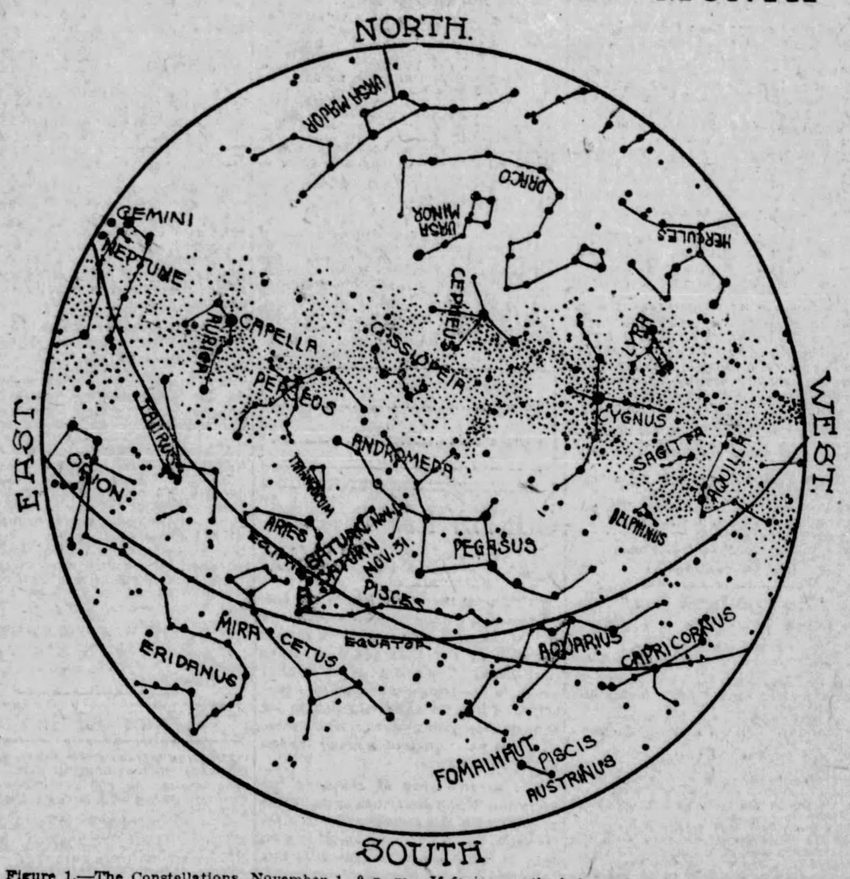

Figure 1.—The Constellations, November 1, 9 p. m. If facing south, hold the map upright. If facing east, hold "east" below. If facing west hold "west" below. If facing north hold the map inverted.

As mid-winter approaches the eastern heavens become filled with the brilliant winter stars. We again welcome the return of the bright Gemini and the magnificent Orio, which ths month enter the sky together, while above these there shines out the great Taurus and the yellow Capella, the last a magnificent sun composed of almost exactly the same materials as our own sun and in almost the same condition, but so much larger that it continually pours forth 250 times as much light as our little star.

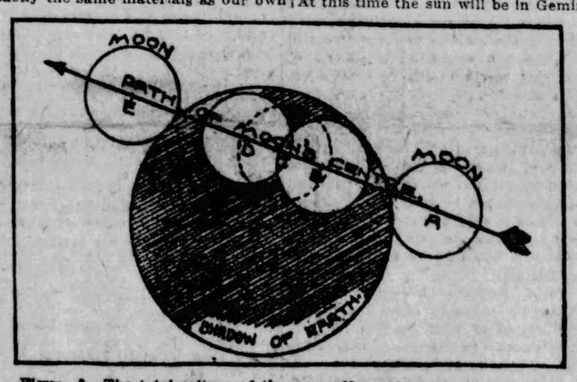

Figure 2—The total eclipse of themoon, Nov. 16, 1910.

The Great Dipper now apparently rests almost on the ground in a nearly upright position in the north, while on exactly the opposite side of the Pole from this, the bright W-shaped group, Cassiopoea, shines out directly overhead. The brightest stars of the south are those forming the Great Square of Pegasus and the reddish Fomalhaut; the last will soon sink in the southwest not to enter the evening sky again until next September. It is in November that the long, faint groups of the Fishes and the Whale can best be traced out: the remarkable variable star Mira of the last constellation which was so bright three months ago cannot now be seen except in the telescope. Its extraordinary periodic outpouring of light will aga n occur at the beginning of next July. At this time the sun will be in Gemini, so that Mira can then only be seen low in the southeast for a few hours before sunrise. The brightening of last August occurred more favorably for observation than will be the case for several years.

The Planets.

The only bright planet now visible is the beautiful Saturn, which is moving slowly westward in the constellation of the Whale. This slow westward motion will continue for two months until the position A, Fig. 1, is reached, after which the planet will move eastward again. During both November and December the moon in its monthly journey around the sky will pass between us and Saturn. Very unfortunately, this beautiful s ght cannot be viewed by us this month, as the planet will have set to us before the occultation occurs.

Although throughout the night of November 14 the observer will see our satellite drawing nearer and nearer to Saturn, the actual occultation will not take place until early in the following forenoon. When the moon next reaches this part of its path, which it will do on the afternoon of December 12, the occultation may, however, be viewed in a telescope.

Mercury and Venus both enter the evening sky this month, the former on November 12, and the later on November 26, but both are far too near the sun to be satisfactorily observed. The remaining bright planets are all morning stars.

Eclipses of the Sun and Moon.

The earth as it journeys around the sun is accompanied always by a great conical shadow extending into space to a distance of 850,000 miles. The base of this shadow envelops the earth and its apex is always exactly opposite the sun. The moon is but 240,000 miles away from the earth, so that when in its eastward motion it arrives opposite the sun it may pass into the shadow and have its light cut off.

This will occur on the evening of November 16, the path of our satellite through the shadow being shown in Fig. 2. It will be noticed that the distance through the shadow where the moon enters it is nearly three times the diameter of the moon itself, so that our satell ite will be totally eclipsed; as the path of the moon's center, however, passes so far from the center of the shadow the duration of the total eclipse will be short.

The moon will reach the po'n A and the eclipse begin at 5 hours 44 minutes p. m. (Eastern Standard Time); its center will be at B and the eclipse become total at 6 hours 55 m'nutes; it will reach the point D and begin to emerge from the shadow at 7 hours 47 minutes, and finally it will reach E and the eclipse be over at 8 hours 58 minutes. The entire eclipse will thus occupy 3 hours and 14 minutes, and the totality only 52 minutes.

The center of the moon will be at C and the moon most deeply immersed in the shadow at 7 hours 21 minutes. It will probably not be wholly invisible even at this time, but will shine with a copper colored or greenish light, which will be much the brightest near the northern edge. This is because it will be faintly illuminated by sunlight, which has been bent down within the shadow cone by the refraction of the air surrounding the earth. If the weather should happen to be cloudy at all points completely around the earth along the circle in which the base of the cone touches it, but clear to us within the cone (a very unusual occurrence), the eclipse will be visible to us, but the portion of the moon within the shadow will be wholly invisible.

On November 1 the moon will pass across the face of the sun, causing an eclipse of the sun. As both bodies will have set to us before this occurs, the eclipse will be wholly invisible throughout the United States. The regions within which it can be seen are shown in Fig. 4.

Figure 4.—Region within which the solar eclipse of November 1 is visible.

The November Shooting Stars.

The bluish, rapidly moving, shooting stars which are seen darting outward in all directions from the point M, Fig. 5, in the constellation Leo should be looked for toward morning on November 15. It is this shower which for many centuries gave a most brilliant display every 33 years, the shooting stars in 1833 being described as numerous as "flakes of snow" in a part of the meteoric swarm has now passed the earth a very striking shower will probably not occur, but at frequent intervals a single shooting star will be seen to suddenly appear and move rapidly across the sky directly away from the point M, leaving a faint streak behind it as it is rapidly burnt up by its passage through our air.

ERIC DOOLITTLE.

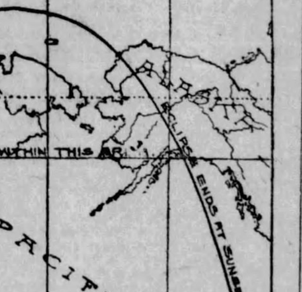

Figure 5.—The eastern sky at 2 a. m. November 15, showing the shooting star Radiant Point.

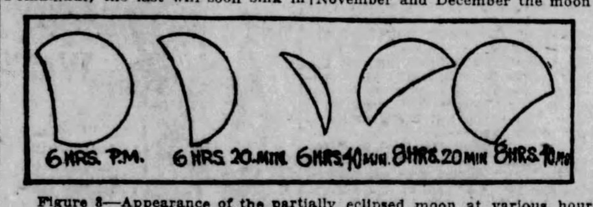

Figure 3—Appearance of the partially eclipsed moon at various hours on the evening of November 16.

THE RED HOUSE ON ROWAN STREET

BY ROMAN DOUBLEDAY

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CHAPTER IX.

A Pointed Warning.

Burton did not know exactly what he expected to happen, or what he would gain by staying, but something more than a sense of his responsibility to Rachel made him want to see the thing through. That suspicion should have buzzed so long about Henry Underwood and nothing yet be proved could only be due to a combination of luck and circumstances which could not be expected to continue indefinitely. With likely to have some effective assistance. Malevolence is a great sharpener of the wits.

Wouldn't it be possible to get Henry out of town? Had he gone far enough in his hint to the doctor? Possibly if he saw Henry alone he could convey a warning that would be understood. He determined to see Henry.

But Henry was not at home. His disappointment in this information might have been greater if it had not been conveyed by Miss Underwood.

He found it very easy to extend his inquiry into a call, and when he finally rose to take his leave he was surprised to find how time had flown. Philip was justified. The only thing to wonder at was Philip's discrimination. He must have been caught merely by her beauty, but even to appreciate her beauty at its right value was more than he had given Philip credit for. But what was the outcome to be? If the family were involved in a scandal, Philip was not the man to stand by her. He would be dominated by Rachel's prejudices and Rachel would think the whole thing simply unspeakable. Yet things had gone so far that it would be impossible for Philip to withdraw without humiliating the girl—and that, Burton now saw clearly, was the one impossible thing. No, the only way out was to stop the scandal from going further. Henry must be surpressed.

He had been revolving these thoughts as he walked the streets back to the hotel, when all at once his eye was caught by the sign:

ORTON SELBY
CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER

It swung above the door of a prosperous looking place, and he looked at the premises with interest. So this was where Mr. Selby did business! As he looked, Mrs. Bussey came out of the office door, and scuttled off down the street like a frightened animal finding itself out of bounds. Possibly she was bringing some of her crippled son's carving to his employer. The connection was obvious and the relation was well understood, but somehow he did not like the idea of an inmate of the Underwood house having this side relation with a man who was an enemy. If anything were to be done to save Henry, it must be done skillfully and promptly. The atmosphere of the place was not favorable.

"There's a letter for you," the clerk said, as he handed Burton his key.

Burton took it with some wonder. He was not expecting mail here. But this letter had never gone through the mails. It was unstamped. The envelope was addressed in a heavy blunt penciling that he had seen before.

"Who left this?" he asked.

"I found it on the desk. I didn't see who left it there," said the clerk.

Burton did not open it until he reached his room. Then his premonition was confirmed. The scrap of paper was covered with the same heavy-lined writing that had been on the warning paper he had found in the morning. The message read.

"You have had one warning. This is the second. The third will be the last. You may as well understand that your help is not wanted."

And the clerk did not know how it came on his desk! There seemed to be a very conspiracy of stupidity and malice in the place. He examined it carefully. It was addressed to him by his full name—and the circle of his acquaintances in High Ridge was extremely limited! Henry had not been at home when he called there. The letter had been left by some one who could come into the hotel and go out without exciting comment—then clearly a familiar figure of the town. Burton's lips curled cynically. And the meaning of this message was quite plain! His "help" was not wanted. Whom was he trying to help, except the Underwoods?

He put the letter, envelope and all, into a large envelope, which he sealed and directed to himself. He did not wish to destroy it just yet, neither did he wish to leave it where it would fall under another eye.

He dined in the public dining room without seeing either Ralston or Selby and, being in no mood to cultivate new acqudintances, returned at once to his own room. He lit a cigar and got a book from his bag and settled down to read himself into quietness; but his mind would not free itself from the curious situation in which he found himself, and presently he tossed the book aside and went to the table where he had left the sealed letter addressed to himself. It was gone. It had been abstracted from his locked room while he was down at dinner.

Suddenly, as he stood there thinking, there was a sharp "ping" and a pane of his window crashed into splinters and fell into the room. A thud near his head caused him to turn, and there in the wall was a small hole where a bullet had buried itself in the plaster. The third warning!

Burton went down the stairs two steps at a time and out into the street. The hotel was on the main street, and Burton's room on the second floor looked toward the front. Across the street from the hotel was a small park, full of trees and shadows. It was clear that the shot through his front window had come from the direction of this park, and also that it would be futile to try to discover any one who might have been in hiding there. There were a hundred avenues of unseen escape. It was already dark enough to make the streets obscure.

Burton went in and reported the shooting to the clerk. Of the missing letter he said nothing.

"Some boys must have been fooling around in the park with a gun," said the clerk, after viewing the scene of

WHO IS TO BLAME? Women as well as men are made miserable by kidney and bladder trouble. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root the great kidney Remedy promptly relieves. At druggists in fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

you, the idiots. I'll bet they are scared stiff by now—and serve them right."

"I wish you'd give me another room," said Butron abruptly.

"Why? You don't think they'll try to pot you again, do you?" smiled the clerk.

"I prefer to take another room," said Burton stiffly.

"Oh, very well. The adjoining room is vacant, if that will suit you."

"Yes. You may have my things moved in. Or, hold on. I'll move them in now, with your assistance, and you needn't say anything about the change downstairs."

The clerk took some pains to make it evident that he was suppressing a smile, but Burton did not particularly care what opinion the young man might form of his courage. He had other things in view.

His new room looked toward the side of the hotel. A driveway ran below his windows, separating the hotel from a large private house adjoining. Burton took a careful survey of his location, and when settled down again to read, he was careful to select a position which was not in range with the windows.

He was beginning to take the High Ridge mystery seriously.

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Hadley Proves a True Prophet.

Burton had reason to congratulate himself on having formed a clear idea of the location of his new room, for he had occasion to use that knowledge in a hurry.

He had dropped into an early and heavy sleep, to make up for his wakeful adventures of the night before, when he was awakened by a succession of screams that seemed to fill the room with vibrating terror. He was on his feet and into his clothes in less time than it would have taken the average man to wake up. While he was dressing another shriek showed that the sounds came from the adjoining house which he had noticed across the driveway. He dropped at once from his window to the roof of a bay window below and thence to the ground. It was a woman shrieking. That was all he knew. He stumbled across the driveway and found his way to the front door of the house. It was locked. Even while he was trying it, a man from the street dashed up the steps and ran along the porch to a side window, which he threw up.

"Lucky you thought of that," cried Burton, running to the spot. On the instant he recognized Henry Underwood.

"For heaven's sake, if there is trouble here, keep away," he said impetuously, forgetting everything except that this was Leslie's brother.

But Henry had jumped in through the open window without answering, and naturally Burton followed. Together they sprang up the stairway, their way made plain by the low-turned light in the upper hall. At the top a girl stood, screaming in the mechanical, terrified way that he had heard. At the sight of Henry, who was ahead, she shrieked and cowered.

"What is the matter?" Burton demanded. And when she did not answer immediately, he added impatiently: "Tell me at once what frightened you."

She pointed to an open bedroom door, and Burton sprang toward it. It was a curious sight that met his eye.

In a large old-fashioned four-poster a man was lying, gagged and bound—and not only bound, but trussed and wound about with heavy cord until he looked like a cocoon or an enlarged Indian papoose, ready to be swung from a drooping branch. His head fell sideways on the pillow in a way that would have been ludicrous, if the whole situation had not been so serious.

Burton removed the gag first of all and tried to help the man to sit up, but he was so bound to the framework of the bed that nothing could be done until the cord was cut. While he was still struggling with the cord, other people began to come rushing in,—servants from the house and men from the street or the hotel, attracted, as Burton had been, by the girl's cries, and a stray policeman. Their exclamations and questions, rather than any recognition on his own part, told him that this absurdly undignified figure, almost too terrified to talk, was none other than his pompous friend, Mr. Hadley.

Under their united efforts the cord was soon cut, and Mr. Hadley was lifted to a sitting position.

"Are you hurt, Mr. Hadley?" some one asked.

He only groaned reproachfully in reply.

Burton had for the moment forgotten about Henry. Now he glanced anxiously about the room, which already seemed crowded. Henry was not to be seen, and Burton drew a breath of relief. Thank heaven he had cleared out!

Ralston had been one of the first to arrive on the scene, and his practical question soon brought order into the confusion.

"Now' Mr. Hadley, you must pull yourself together and give us all the information you can at once, so that we can take steps to discover who did this before he gets beyond reach. Did some one enter your bedroom?"

"Yes. Oh, Lord, yes!"

"Did you see him come in?"

"I was asleep. Then I felt some one touching me and tried to sit up. I couldn't move. I tried to call out, but my jaw was tied up with that horrible cloth. I couldn't see, because the handkerchief was tied over my eyes."

"Didn't you see him at all? Can you give no description?"

"How could I see, with my eyes tied up?"

"Did he say anything?"

"No, but he laughed horribly under his breath, in a kind of devilish enjoyment. It made my blood run cold. I thought he was going to kill me next. Oh, Lord!"

"How did he get out? By the window or the door?"

"I don't know. It was quiet and I waited for what was going to happen next and waited, and waited, and it got to be more and more horrible until I thought I should die before some one came."

"He came in by the window," said a man in the crowd, who had been examining the room. "See, here are the marks of mud on the window sill. He must have pulled himself up by the vine trellis. See how it is torn loose. Was the window open when you went to bed, Mr. Hadley?"

"Yes. Oh, Lord, that such things should be allowed to happen!"

"Who was it gave the alarm? You, Miss Hadley? How did you discover what had happened to your father?"

The young woman whom Burton had seen in the hall had come into the room. She was holding fast to the bedpost and staring at her father with a look of fascinated horror.

"I felt the wind blowing through the hall," she said. "I came to see where it came from."

"Had you been asleep?"

"N-no." (She was fully dressed, Burton noticed.)

"Had you been in your room long?" Ralston persisted.

"N-yes," she hesitated, with an involuntary glance at her father. A-all evening."

"And you heard no noise of any one entering the house or leaving it?"

"No."

"Where did the wind come from? Was there a door open?"

"No, it came from father's room. It was blowing so hard that I thought I ought to shut his window, so I went in and then I found him all strapped in bed."

"Yes, and she just began to scream and never thought of cutting the cord," grumbled Hadley.

"Was there a light in the room?" Ralston pressed his questions.

"Yes, the gas was lit."

"Well, it seems perfectly clear that some one has climbed up by the vine to the open window, entered while you were asleep, lit the gas after first bandaging your eyes so that you could not see, and then, after tying you up, made his escape in the same way. Now let's see if we can get any clue as to his identity. Of course it was no burglar. A burglar doesn't indulge in fancy work of this sort. There must have been personal enmity back of it. Did he leave anything in the room?"

Burton had been standing by the fireplace, listening. His eyes had already caught sight of a folded paper on the mantel which had a curiously familiar look. Surely he had no interest in preventing the truth from being known; yet he was on the point of moving nearer and getting quiet possession of the paper when some one else noticed it and picked it up.

"Here's a message from him," he shouted, and then read aloud:

"If you keep on accusing me, and slandering me in public, worse things will happen to you next.

"DR. UNDERWOOD."

"I knew it was Dr. Underwood," gasped Hadley. "Oh, Lord, I knew he could get even with me for saying that we would not be safe in our beds. I didn't mean it. I always knew I was perfectly safe in my bed."

Ralston came quickly over and took the paper from the hand of the man who picked it up. As he did so he glanced at Burton, as though recognizing that he was the one man here who might be expected to speak for Dr. Underwood.

"Where was it?"

"Right here, on the mantel."

Ralston handed it over to Burton, asking in an undertone: "What do you make of it?"

Burton took the paper and examined it, but merely shook his head to escape answering. It did not need a glass to show him that it was written on the same typewriter that had produced the other documents he had examined.

"But it is signed, isn't it?" exclaimed Hadley. "It says Dr. Underwood."

"Of course it is perfectly clear in the first place that Dr. Underwood did not write it, since he would not leave a public confession behind him, and he would not sign his name in that fashion. It is written by some one who wanted to throw suspicion on Dr. Underwood, and who was ignorant enough to think it could be done in this very clumsy way," said Burton.

Some one in the room gave an unpleasant laugh. Selby, who had been standing in the background near Miss Hadley, now spoke up.

"If it wasn't Dr. Underwood himself, I guess it was some one not so very far from him."

"What do you mean?"

"Henry Underwood was in the hall there when I came in. He kept out of sight, but he was there. He stayed until Proctor read that paper aloud. He isn't there now, is he?"

There was a sensation in the room. No one else had seen him, but no one but Selby had stood where he could look into the dimly-lit hall.

"Well, what of it?" said Burton impatiently, though he had wondered himself what had become of Henry. "It seems to me that the name of Underwood sets you all off. If Henry Underwood chose to go home when he found his assistance was not needed, that surely is not in itself a suspicious circumstance. He probably knew his presence, if noticed, would be made the subject of vilification in some way."

Selby sneered, but he exercised the unusual self-control of saying nothing. But the man who had picked up the note on the mantel had been examining the cord with which Hadley had been bound and which Burton had cut. He now stood up and faced the little company with a seriousness of aspect that was more impressive than any voluable excitement could have been.

"I sold Henry Underwood that cord, yesterday," he said. His tone and look made it seem like an affidavit.

"You are sure of it, Mr. Proctor?" asked Ralston.

"Quite sure. It is a peculiar cord. I got it in a general invoice about two years ago, and it has been lying in a drawer in the store ever since,—there has never been any call for anything of that sort. Yesterday Henry Underwood was in and asked for some light rope that would be strong enough to bear a man's weight, and I remembered this ball and brought it out. I have never seen another piece of cord like it. It isn't likely that there is another piece in town of that same unusual make."

The men pressed about the bed to examine the cut cord,—all except Selby, who crossed the room to where Miss Hadley had sunk into a chair. She still had a dazed look, and though Selby talked to her for some time in an earnest undertone, Burton could not see that she made any response. Selby caught Burton's eye upon them and scowled, but went on with his murmured speech.

"If you will make the charge against Henry Underwood, I will take him into custody," at last said the police officer who was in the room.

"Oh, Lord, what will happen to me if I do?" gasped Hadley.

"Well, if he is in jail, I guess nothing more will happen to you," said the officer dryly.

"But Dr. Underwood—"

"If Henry Underwood is at the bottom of all these tricks, then Dr. Underwood isn't," said Ralston quickly. "We all know that the doctor and Henry are not on very good terms. Just what the trouble is between them, or how deep it goes, we don't know, but it may be that Henry is bitter enough against his father to try to turn suspicion against him in this way, and if he did this, he did the other things. They all hang together. What do you think, Mr. Burton?"

"I agree with you that they all seem to hang together."

"But not that Henry would seem to be the responsible person?"

"As to that, I am hardly in a position to express an opinion," he said quietly. He had been examining the curiously knotted cord that had been wound about the unfortunate Mr. Hadley.

The knots rather than the cord itself were what attracted his attention. They were peculiarly intricate,—the knots of a practiced weaver. What was more, they had the same peculiar twist that the woven withes of lilac had had. Probably it was a knot familiar to sailors and weavers, but certainly not one man in a thousand could make it so neatly, so deftly, so exactly. The police was certainly incredibly stupid not to take note of so peculiar and distinguishing a mark, but at this moment it was not his role to offer any suggestions.

"Do you wish me to arrest Henry Underwood?" asked the policeman. "It's up to you to say, Mr. Hadley."

"You won't tell him that I accused him?"

"I won't tell him anything! I only want to know if you think that there is a reasonable guess that he did this night's work. If you will say that, I'll arrest him on suspicion. I don't want to get myself into trouble by arresting a man if you are going to back down afterwards and say you have no charge to bring against him."

"I'll bring the charge, if Mr. Hadley won't," said Selby sharply. "I demand his arrest."

"That's enough," said the policeman, slipping quietly from the room.

Burton was at his heels. "If you don't mind, I'll go out with you."

"And if I do mind?"

"I'll go anyhow," said Burton.

(To be continued.)

"The Deed Is the Man."

The Dream is the babe in the loveliit nest,
And the rollicking boy at play;
The Dream is the youth with the old, old zest
For the rare romance of a day.
Then the Deed strides forth to the distant goal
That has dazzled since life began;
For the Dream is the child of the rampant soul,
But the Deed is the man.

The Dream is the peak that is seen afar,
And the wish for the eagle's wings;
The Dream is the song to the beck'ning star
That the world waif fondly sings.
Then the Deed comes crowned with the strength and skill
The d'ch perfect a golden plan;
For the Dream is the child of the sovereign will—
But the Deed is the man.

The Dream is the mask that would make men fair,
And the boast that would count them brave,
The Dream is the honors that heroes wear,
And the glory that high hearts crave.
Then the Deed gives battle to pride and pelf
As only a conqueror can;
For the Dream is the child of the better self—
But the Deed is the man.

No song was so sweet and no star so bright
As the Dream of the Nazarene;
From Virgin's bosom to Calvary's hight,
It sang and it shone, serene.
Then the Deed proclaimed Him King of His kind
As the blood of the Martyr ran;
For the Dream was the Child of the Master mind—
But the Deed was the Man!

—James C. McNally in National Magazine.

A Ballad of Timely Warning.

(On Dishonesty Arising from Ignorance.)

King Joris was a kind-eyed king,
A dear old, gentle, smiling thing,
But though by nature meek and mild,
Two things could drive him raving wild—
Dishonesty, its naughty ways; ingratitude, its sting.

Now, in his court there was a man—
Jones, Royal Court Historian—
Whom Joris, the compassionate,
Had raised from very low estate—
Jones drove for movers, once, a van.

The King supplied all Jones could use;
Pens, ink and paper, clothing, shoes,
Food, money, facts, a desk all fixed,
Five hundred thousand words—well mixed—
And, what I'd like to have, a Muse.

Jones set to work, but, poking 'round,
A package in his desk he found
Marked "Punctuations, Use with Care."
And looking in, discovered there
Of marks, best grade and mixed, a pound.

He used them! Not, alas! with care,
But sprinkled handfuls everywhere—
Threw commas into b'ut and th'at,
Poured points in ?Mer. ley: s"e,e the cat,
And rubbed a handful in his hair.

Alas! An Auditor austere
Took stock for Joris once a year!
Of all that precious, priceless pound
No punctuations could be found;
Excuses Joris would not hear!

The headsman with one skilful blow
Removed Jones' head and shouted, "So
Perish all traitors who would use
Our punctuations for shampoos."
Said Jones—and died—"I did not know!"

WARNING.

Children: Think well of Jones' fate.
And learn, while young, to punctuate.
—Ellis Parker Butler, in the Bookman.

No Bar.

The Tramp—Got any meat about the house?

The Lady—No, only a fence.

THE FIRST TASTE.

Learned to Drink Coffee When a Baby.

If parents realized the fact that coffee contains a drug—caffeine—which is especially harmful to children, they would doubtless hesitate before giving the babies coffee to drink.

"When I was a child in my mother's arms and first began to nibble things at the table, mother used to give me sips of coffee. As my parents used coffee exclusively at meals I never knew there was anything to drink but coffee and water.

"And so I contracted the coffee habit early. I remember when quite young the continual use of coffee so affected my parents that they tried roasting wheat and barley, then ground it in the coffee mill, as a substitute for coffee.

"But it did not taste right and they went back to coffee again. That was long before Postum was ever heard of. I continued to use coffee until I was 27, and when I got into office work, I began to have nervous spells. Especially after breakfast I was so nervous I could scarcely attend to my correspondence.

"At night, after having coffee for supper, I could hardly sleep, and on rising in the morning would feel weak and nervous.

"A friend persuaded me to try Postum. My wife and I did not like it at first, but later when boiled good and strong it was fine. Now we would not give up Postum for the best coffee we ever tasted.

"I can now get good sleep, am free from nervousness and headaches. I recommend Postum to all coffee drinkers.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

THANK GOD, WE'RE SAFE FROM APPENDICITIS

Eat All You Want to, Children—We're Safe Because I've Read the ADLER-I-KA BOOK.

What a blessing to be positively safe from Appendicitis, so you can eat anything you want and as much as you want without ever giving Appendicitis a thought. To get INSTANT relief from all your bowel and stomach trouble. To be safe and well and strong.

No more wind on the stomach, sour stomach, constipation, nausea, heavy feeling after eating. No more being afraid of getting the treacherous Appendicitis. The ADLER-I-KA BOOK shows what to do—all as simple as A, B, C, and absolutely sure.

Write your name below, enclose a 2-cent stamp, and you will get the famous ADLER-I-KA BOOK entirely free. It's different from any book you ever saw; it tells wha only few doctors know; it will surprise and astonish you. It shows many curious pictures and tells how you can INSTANTLY relieve bowel or stomach trouble, how Appendicitis is caused, how it can be cured without operation and HOW YOU CAN EASILY PREVENT IT. You wouldn't take $10.00 for what you will learn from this book—yet it's free for a 2-cent stamp. Address: Adlerika Co., Dept. 21, St. Paul, Minn.

Name .....

Address .....

COSTLY RACE PREJUDICE

JUST now there is a lull in the discussion of the possibility that the world will come to short rations because of the inadequacy of crops like wheat. The visible stock of that grain, in particular, is running up rapidly, and it is far above the figures for the corresponding date last year. There is no chance of a bread famine in the near future.

But in this year of census-taking every intelligent American must be impressed with the steady and rapid increase in the number of mouths to be fed. It is not a case of growth in this country alone. Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Russia—most of all—and lesser states of the Old World are constantly gaining in population. Growth pervades the civilized world, notwithstanding the decline in the birth rate. There is a great change for the better in respect to the proportion of children born only to die quickly.

So the human myriads grow with the certainty and with much of the resistless forces of a glacier's speed. As far as the future can be read, there stretches the adding of millions, every year, to the mouths that must be fed.

When the unceasing expansion of the vast world family is considered, it is cheering to look over any such document as the bulletin lately issued by the Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station, near Wooster, on the effect of the use of various fertilizers upon the yield of wheat, corn, oats and hay, through a term of years. There is abundant evidence that if the world would increase its gain harvests enormously it has only to feed and care for the soil.

Tests through five-year periods show that in many cases the proper fertilization of land doubles its productiveness. In extreme instances the rate of gain is 200 per cent or more. A difference of 50 per cent between the crops grown on land without any artificial enrichment of the soil and other land, of like natural value and usefulness, thoroughly fertilized, is very moderate.

That increase pays handsomely on the investment in fertilizers. It pays so well in fact, that there is no room for doubt on that point, and the only question remaining is the ability of farmers to obtain all the fertilizers which they need. When the nitrate beds shall have been exhausted and the phosphate rock quarried and ground up, where is the requisite supply of nitrogen for the use of growing plants to be obtained?

The gravity of that question led Lord Kelvin, on a visit to America three or four years ago, to say that the most impressive thing he saw was the use of the water power of the Niagara River to extract nitrogen from the air. For that purpose the water power is transmuted into electricity. As yet, the process is not used to manufacture fertilizers, on a commercial scale, but the promise is there, none the less.

Nitrogen is what the land used for crops clamors for. It is the factor in farming which comes very near measuring the profit or loss of agriculture. It is so vital to plant life that Lord Kelvin declared that the success of the electrical separation of nitrogen from the air would yet double the world's food supply.

This is the most vital of all problems. Without plenty of food human life falters, retreats and perishes. Unless there is life in abundance there is no chance of progress. An inadequate suppy of food is absoutely indispensable to the further development of civilization. Without it, humanity must lose ground and decay.

Hence there is no conservation like the preservation and increase of the resources of the soil. The question of fertilizers is vital. Upon it the future of the world may turn.

Fever in Plants.

London Globe.

Not only animals but plants may suffer and die of fevers, says M. Leclerc du Sablon. When a human being has a fever he loses flesh on account of the increased combustion, the quantity of carbonic acid respired from the lungs being augmented from 70 to 100 per cent.

A plant attacked by a fever, which may be caused by a wound, rapidly consumes its reserves of organic matter and becomes enfeebled, sometimes sufficiently to cause its death. M. Leclerc du Sablon has experimented with potatoes rendered feverish by cutting them. The temperature soon rises about one degree, and the quantity of carbonic acid given off increases several hundred per cent. If the potato survives, its "respiration" after a few days becomes normal, but it falls into an enfeebled state, resembling that of a person convalescent from a long fever.

Milestones of an Old Road.

Philadelphia Record.

Milestones that have been in the ground for nearly a century and which marked the old Philadelphia and Pittsburg pike are being unearthed in most unexpected places. Recently the farmers of Cumberland county have taken up the matter, and are trying to aid those who are making the investigation.

At a meeting near Hogestown members of the organization stated that all but two of the stones between Harrisburg and Hogestown have been located. One of the stones, it was discovered, had been used for some years as a weight for a harrow. The search for the other two stones will be made. Those that have been found will be reset soon. The stones were originally placed between 1810 and 1816.

The Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer possible.

Will some reader of The Blade please inform me when to gather for winter use, how to store, and how to cook kale?—S., Mansfield, Pa.

I would like to have a good recipe for making dried beef.—F., Berg, N. D.

I have a horse that seems to be paralyzed so that it cannot raise its hind legs more than four or five inches from the ground. I would be thankful for any information as to how to cure it. —S., Telfords, Tenn.

Please tell me what is the matter with my mare. She is thirteen years old and has a good appetite. Some time ago she had the distemper but recovered, and in about four weeks her left hind leg began to swell from her hip to the hoof. The swelling broke in six places and is running.—H., Locust Point, Ind.

Will some reader please send a recipe for making peanut butter?—C., Reynoldsville, O.

Will someone please tell me what to do for chickens that whose tongues are hard and white underneath for about half way.—D., Arroll, Mo.

I have had three calves die of diarrhoea. They gradually lost flesh until they became so weak that they could stand up with difficulty. Their bowles were very loose. I used simple remedies and called two veterinaries. I do not know what to do. The other calves in the neighborhood have been attacked by the same disease but they did not die. I would be glad if someone would give information as to cause and remedy.—C., Hamlin, W. Va.

TO KEEP CIDER SWEET

If you wish to keep cider sweet put a pint of mustard seed in the barrel.—E., Ludlow, Ky.

Orchard and Garden

Store the ladders under cover, but give them a good coat of paint first.

As long as the soil remains unfrozen, continue to hoe and cultivate the strawberry bed.

In filling apple barrels, fill until the last layer stands an inch above the chine of the barrel. This ensures solidity when the head is pressed down carefully.

When the ground freezes hard enough to hold up a wagon, is the time to mulch the strawberry bed with straw of marsh hay. Don't be in too big a hurry.

DAIRY CATTLE OF HIGHER QUALITY

Government Expert Tells of Advance Made in Various Breeds.

The dairy cow has become so thoroughly infected with the modern spirit of progress in agriculture that she has done much more than keep pace with the general improvement of conditions on the farm. How far the development will proceed is guesswork, but it has gone far enough to place in the dairy a milk producing machine weighing only half a ton or so that will yield thirty times its own weight in a year. Several cows have produced the equal of their own weight of butter during the same period.

"There has been a wonderful advance in the quality of dairy cattle during the last few years," said B. H. Rawl, who is chief of the dairy division of the bureau of animal industry, a branch of the United States department of agriculture. "The various breeds are improving and there are more big records now than ever before. Splendid records were made during the world's fair in Chicago, but the succeeding generation of cows did much better at the St. Louis exposition. We have a number of cows today that can do better than the holders of old-time records that stood for years.

Test Records Show Results.

"The present system of test records is the cause of most of the recent development. We have the show ring, where the animals are judged on appearance, and in addition there are the yearly records that tell the productive capacity of the cow. The cow of today is far superior to the animal of the same breed twenty or thirty years ago, as her capacity and effectiveness are much greater. Without the use of the accurate records many a dairyman would be deceived regarding the value of his cows. By means of records we are able to weed out the poorer individuals of the different breeds and the result is becoming apparent with remarkable rapidity.

"One of the most important features of modern dairying is the building up of herds by crossing with highly productive stock. Grade cows, or those that are partly or high class stock, are exceedingly valuable as producers. The improvement in dairy conditions has been gradual, but not nearly as rapid as we wish. Some of the dairymen have not taken advantage of what is now within easy reach. There is still much room for improvement in general conditions."

Experts in the development of the Jersey, Ayrshire, Guernsey, Holstein-Friesian, Brown Swiss and Dutch belted cattle, who have been brought together at the dairy show, agree that the cow of today is a greater money maker than her ancestors.

More Beautiful, Also.

"The Jersey has made more progress during the last few decades than ever before," said George W. Sisson, a director in the American Jersey Cattle club. "The production of milk and butter has been increased and there is much greater beauty of outline. In both show qualities and on the record sheets the Jersey has made splendid advances. This breed is unique in that it is close to physical perfection for its type. The Jersey is a beautiful farm animal, as well as one of the most profitable.

"Uniformity of type is one of the present characteristics of the Jersey. This is the result of many years of careful selection on the island and the rigid exclusion of all outside animals. No one on the island of Jersey can import cattle. The cattle on the island are subjected to a rigid inspection and if an animal does not reach certain high standards it is rejected. There is no other place in the world where the dairy herd is guarded with such extreme care, and there are few, if any, other places where such provision would be possible.

"The type is becoming fixed in America and better standards are prevailing here. Importations of cattle from Jersey have been increasing rapidly during the last four years. Last year about 1,000 high-grade animals were shipped from the island to America. The ordinary cow often does not make the cost of her keep, but the Jersey never fails to yield splendid returns."

"There is a general awakening among farmers," said W. F. Schillings, vice president of the Holstein-Friesian Association. "More than 300 joined our association during the last year and that means more farmers have good cattle than ever before. During the last 20 years there has been an increase of fully 50 per cent in the productiveness of the Holstein cow. The change has been due partly to improvement in the cow and partly to scientific feeding.

"The Babcock test, which shows the richness of milk, demonstrated the value of the cow. Efficient testing is working wonders among the herds. There have been no importations of our breed of cattle for several years on account of a quarantine established against disease in the old country, but the Holstein in America today is undoubtedly superior to representatives of the same breed on their native heath. The milk of the Holstein has become popular during recent years. It has been adopted officially by most hospitals, as it is an ideal baby food."

Scotland's favorite, the Ayrshire, is developing with remarkable rapidity, according to C. M. Winslow, secretary of the Ayrshire Breeders' association.

Record Soon Surpassed.

"Three or four years ago a cow that I owned held the world's record for Ayrshires," said Mr. Winslow. "The record showed a great advance over what had been done previously, yet in the short time since it was established eleven cows of the same breed have surpassed it.

"The Ayrshire of today is far ahead of the best the breed could show a few years ago. The improvement has been rapid. The changes have brought great improvement in dairy qualities and utility, in addition to gains in appearance and in development of the typical shape of this breed. Our cows test better than formerly, and appear to better advantage in the show ring."

During the world's fair several herds of dairy cows were put through a series of careful tests. The winner produced a fraction more than 40 pounds of milk a day, which yielded 2.4 pounds of butter. At the St. Louis tests the winner produced 48.35 pounds of milk that yielded 2.75 pounds of butter daily. Both cows were Jerseys. The tests were planned to show the effectiveness of an entire herd in making profitable returns above the cost of their feed. A Holstein has yielded 100 pounds of milk in a day, and there are cows that can produce material for more than four pounds of butter in 24 hours.

GOOD PROGRESS IN BEET SUGAR INDUSTRY

Twenty years ago the beet sugar output of the United States was about 5,000,000 pounds a year. The department of agriculture reports the production of 1909 as 1,024,000,000 pounds. A bulletin recently issued by the department says:

The sugar industry is rapidly assuming great importance in this country. No manufacturing industry so intimately associated with and dependent upon agriculture has ever shown such wonderful development, such far reaching influence in the stimulation and upbuilding of the whole system of agriculture.

In 1901 there were in operation 36 factories, converting into sugar the beet product of 175,083 planted acres. In 1909 65 factories handled the yield of 420,262 acres. California had 10 factories in operation, Colorado 16, Idaho 3, Michigan 16, Utah, 5, Wisconsin 4, while 11 states, including New York and Ohio, had one each.

The total sugar consumption of the country in 1909 is reported as 3,648,579 short tons, obtained from the following sources.

	Percentage of total.
Domestic beets	13.32
Domestic cane	12.58
Maple sugar	.34
Hawaiian cane	14.95
Porto Rican cane	7.22
Philippine cane	1.44
Cuban cane	43.32
All other	6.43

In 1895 about 80 per cent of our supply was imported. The increase in the cane and beet output of the United States proper and the acquisition of Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines have now reduced that percentage to about 50. In the last 15 years the requirement of the country has increased nearly 75 per cent in total quantity, and the per capita requirement has increased from 62 pounds to 82 pounds. In a generation the per capita requirement has doubled. It is quite impossible to say just what may be properly regarded as a reasonable limit of individual requirement, but it may be assumed that the present consumption is not far from that limit and that hereafter increase in total consumption will depend more than it has hitherto on increase in population. Theoretically transfer of sugar from the dutiable to the free list would result in reducing the retail price of the commodity by about 1½ cents a pound, with a marked increase in consumption as a result of lower prices. It is probable, however, that such a step would not work out exactly along those lines. Free sugar would close some of the present channels of supply. It would destroy a part of the domestic industry and a part of the industry of Porto Rico and in Hawaii; and by increasing the demand on the general world supply it would, for a time at least, somewhat increase the pound price of that supply.

An interesting battle has been going on between beet sugar and cane sugar for the last 50 years, and while at the immediate time the cane forces of the world appear to be successful, the contest is by no means ended. The earliest figures available report the beet supply at 27.2 per cent of the world's total production in 1865. The beet gained until it reached its maximum of 64.7 per cent in 1900. The maximum of 64.7 shows decline to 47.5 per cent in 1909. Since 1865 the world supply of sugar has been multiplied by eight, the 4,400,000,000 pounds of that year having grown to 32,500,000,000 pounds in 1909. In 1865 the United States consumed 14.3 per cent of the world's total, and in 1909 an estimated 28 per cent, or nearly one-quarter of the whole.

The department report shows that the average yield in this country is ten tons of bees to the acre, while in Germany the average is a little over 13 tons. It gives what it calls the "ideal yield," the possibly attainable maximum in this country, as 43 tons to the acre. The report says:

This difference of 33 tons between the actual and the ideal constitute the farmer's leeway for improvement. That he can increase his actual yield to overcome a considerable part of this difference goes without saying. The more he reduces it the more will he have performed his part.

To the development of this industry the department of agriculture has paid and is paying special attention. It regards the sugar industry as "a strife for commercial supremacy between the luxuriant conditions of growth and semi-civilized, poorly paid labor in the tropics on one side and the highly developed agricultural lands and high priced labor of the central temperate zone on the other. It is a contest between intelligence and ignorance, the latter re-enforced with especially favorable natural conditions." This view seems to ignore entirely what may yet become the controlling factor in the strife, the intelligent re-enforcement of those favorable natural conditions. The cane grower of Cuba, of Porto Rico, Hawaii and other sugar producing countries are by no means idle, asleep or indifferent to their interests. They are experimenting with scientific methods and improved appliances. They too employ the chemist, and intelligent direction is increasing the efficiency of their "semi-civilized" laborers.

The benefits of improved methods thus far may be regarded as having fallen in fair part to the consumers of sugar. While the price of nearly all food substances has increased greatly, the price of sugar shows only fluctuation due to temporary conditions of supply since 1897. In 1870 the wholesale price of granulated sugar in New York was 13¼ cents a pound. In 1880 it was 9.8cents; in 1890, 6.27 cents; in 1900, 5.32 cents, and in 1909, 4.76 cents. During the free sugar period of the McKinley bill the price dropped to 4.12 cents, and short crops in other years since 1890 have carried the price about 5 cents, but sugar stands as a striking exception in the movement of commodity prices in the last ten years. As prices are based on world supply, and that supply now exceeds 14,000,000 tons a year, the influence of the American output of 512,000 tons of beet sugar on world prices is inconsiderable. In its place in this country as a protected industry the beet product indisputably affects very materially the price of sugar in the American market.

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WHEAT ON SAND DUNES

Dry Farmer Tells of Making Worthless Land Pay.

W. H. Babcock, of Los Angeles, Cal., a pioneer of extensive wheat growing in the state of Washington and the first man in the Pacific northwest to raise 100,000 bushels a year, some years ago bought thousands of acres of sand dunes for almost a song, agreeing to seed the land and stop the sand from drifting upon the Northern Pacific railroad tracks. Mr. Babcock still holds 10,000 acres of this land in Walla Walla valley, and it has been for years producing excellent wheat.

"Thirty years ago I settled on these flats in the Walla Walla valley," said Mr. Babcock. "They were wide expanses of sagebrush and sand dunes, and a drearier place could not be imagined. I am returning now to

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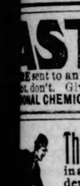

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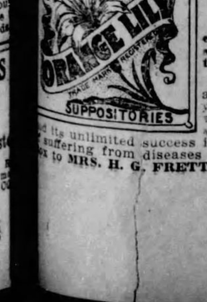
WIRELESS WIDELY USED

U.S. Directory Shows World Extent of System.

Washington, Oct. 31.—With the publication of the government's wireless graph directory just out, some idea gained of the extent to which the eless is now used. There are listed stations, including shore stations ships, but not the warships of for-governments. Neither are listed hundreds of stations equipped and ated by amateurs which are the se of considerable annoyance to the ular stations.
he directory is the work of the au of steam engineering of the ited States navy. There are about shore stations scattered about the e. Of this number 88 are on the antic and gulf coasts of the United es, three in the interior, 48 on the t Lakes, 51 on the Pacific coast 16 in Alaska.

Navy Is Equipped.

separate list shows the 47 shore ions of the United States navy another the 344 ships of the navy. stations of the United States are listed separately, showing land stations and 16 stations aboard ls of that service. In the list of chant vessels, such as steamships, yacht, etc, 821 stations are listed. an index the final list contains all letters of every station ar-ed alphabetically. From this, op-rs can distinguish the name of or station calling.



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QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

JOHN FLOYD

John Floyd received 11 electoral votes of South Carolina for president of the United States in 1832. Please give a brief sketch of the political party that nominated him.—H. W. B., Rutland, Vt.

No political party nominated Floyd for president in 1832. South Carolina cast her electoral vote for him because some of his views on political questions coincided with their's. It was the tariff question that had great deal to do with it. In 1832 South Carolina announced her purpose to nullify the federal tariff law. President Jackson had proclaimed that all the states had to obey the law whether they wanted to or not. As Floyd was governor of Virginia at the time, he wrote several messages to the legislature of the state, condemning Jackson's proclamation. However, he did not believe in the doctrine of nullification.

BENJAMIN LINCOLN

Please give an account of the life of General Benj. Lincoln in the Question Bureau.—W. I. J., Bucksville, W. Va.

Benjamin Lincoln, the American general, was born January 24, 1733, and died May 9, 1810. He was a farmer until the age of 40, though at different times he held the offices of magistrate, representative in the provincial legislature, and colonel of militia. He was an active member of three provincial congresses of Massachusetts, his native state, and as a militia officer displayed an efficiency which procured his promotion in 1776 to the rank of major general. In this capacity he became favorably known to Washington during the siege of Boston. In the beginning of 1777 he joined Washington at Morristown with a new levy of militia, and soon after, at the suggestion of the commander-in-chief, he was transferred to the continental service with the rank of major general. At the battle of Bemis' Heights he commanded inside the American works, and was severely wounded in the leg, being compelled for nearly a year to retire from the service. In 1778 he was appointed to the command of the southern army, and upon the arrival by way of the sea of Count d'Estaing co-operated with the French troops and fleet in the unsuccessful assault upon Savannah. He returned to Charleston, where in the spring of 1780 he was besieged by a superior British force under Sir Henry Clinton. Though he put up a brave defense, he was obliged to surrender, and retired to Massachusetts on parole. He was exchanged in the spring of the succeeding year, and participated with credit in the siege of Yorktown. In consideration of his merits and misfortunes Washington appointed him to receive the sword of Cornwallis upon the surrender of the British forces. In 1781 he was made secretary of war, which office he held for two years, and in 1787 commanded the forces which quelled Shay's rebellion in western Massachusetts. The same year he was elected lieutenant governor of the state, holding the office for one year. In 1789 Lincoln was made collector of the port of Boston until about two years before his death. The same year he was a member of the commission which formed a treaty with the Creek Indians, and of that in 1793 which unsuccessfully attempted to enter into negotiations with the Indians north of the Ohio.

ANNEKE JANS

Please tell what you can about Anneke Jans and her estate.—A. B., Nashville, Ind.

Anneke Jans was a Dutch colonist in America. She died in Albany, N. Y., in 1663. In 1630 she came to New Netherlands from Holland with her husband, Roeloff Jansen. Six years later her husband secured a grant of a tract of land containing 62 acres and reaching from the Hudson to the present Broadway and from a point near Desbrosses street to Warren street. In 1654, Anneke, upon the death of her second husband, Everardus Bogardus, obtained in her name a patent right to the tract. In all the land was sold by the heirs to the English governor Lovelace. Three of the heirs, however, did not sign the document. Later the property was confiscated by the English government and deeded to Trinity church corporation in 1705. From 1749 the possession of the property has been the subject of numerous suits by the heirs, based chiefly on the omitted signatures. They were all decided for the defendants.

WILLIAM H. TAFT

Will the question Bureau please give a biography of William H. Taft?—L. F., Fredericktown, Ohio.

William Howard Taft was born in Cincinnati, O., September 15, 1857. He was the son of Alphonso Taft. In 1878 he graduated from Yale, immediately taking up a course in the Law School of Cincinnati college. After graduating from the school Taft began to practice law in Cincinnati. In 1881 he became prosecuting attorney for Hamilton county, and in the following year he was collector of internal revenue. From 1887 to 1890 he was judge of the superior court of Ohio, from - to 1892 solicitor-general of the United States, and from 1892 to 1900 a judge of the United States circuit court. He was appointed chairman of the Philippine commission in 1900 by President McKinley. The following year Taft became the first civil governor of the islands. He established civil government in all the provinces, a public school system, a judiciary system, and a health department. He was an excellent administrator. January 1, 1904, he became secretary of war in Roosevelt's cabinet, succeeding Elihu Root. In 1908 Taft was nominated for President by the Republican party. He defeated W. J. Bryan.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT

Please give a brief biography of Louisa May Alcott.—R. C., Perry, Mo.

Louisa May Alcott, the American novelist, was born November 29, 1832, and died March 6, 1888. Her father gave her most of her education though Thoreau also taught her. She began to write very early in her life; at first for pleasure, then at the age of 16 for periodicals to help support the struggling family, whose mainstay she continued to be all her life, her father's superiorities not being of the money-making order. She started with sensational stories of no real and permanent merit. For 10 years Miss Alcott was a school teacher. During the civil war she went to Washington as a war hospital nurse, and wrote letters thence to her mother and sisters. On her return home she collected these letters in to a volume. They first revealed her peculiar power of sketching commonplace people and scenes in all their commonplaceness, yet by the play of genial humor and rare selective art making them as charming as the best creations of the fancy. The success of these stimulated the publication of "Little Women." This last work raised her to one of the front places in American authorship. Miss Alcott adopted at different times a son of her sister, Mrs. John Pratt, and the orphaned daughter of her artist sister, Mme. Nieriken. She kept house for them and her father in vigorous New England fashion, caring for the latter like a baby. Fatigue and excitement during her father's last hours laid her low with a fatal brain fever two days after his death.

HYDROPHOBIA

Will you please republish the article on hydrophobia that was in these columns some weeks ago?—J. I. K., Spring Creek, Pa.

The early symptoms in the dog is an unusual restlessness. When lying down he moves about suddenly; and, without any apparent cause, he will get up and move to some other place and repeat his action again after a little time. He will apparently stare at some very distant object or listen to some unusual sound. The lazy dog will become active, will follow his master or a team for several hours at a time. These symptoms are usually present for a day or two. The dog then becomes cross. He will be rough with stock if sent to drive them. He seems to see imaginary things, and will snap at the air as if trying to bite the imaginary objects. He hunts for unusual places to rest. About this time he becomes vicious and will attack other dogs and will bite other stock. He will not bite a person till the disease is well advanced. As the trouble advances he will show a desire to travel from home or about the place aimlessly. He rarely goes out of his way to bite a person or animal, and if the person or animal remains quiet he will generally pass by without noticing them. If he is placed in restraint he becomes desperate and will make efforts to break loose. He will have convulsions and generally dies in one of them.

The symptoms in the horse are standing nervously, rubbing the nose or part which has been bitten, snapping at other horses and the attendant, eating, and then suddenly stopping as if listening. He is nervous and restless in the stable. He has short spells in which he shows decidedly vicious tendencies and then quiets down. As the disease progresses these vicious spells become more marked and prolonged. The animal will attack others if near; will attempt to demolish the stall or inclosure, and in the part viciously at which the original bite took place, and in his frenzy may tear out the flesh with his teeth. He has frequent convulsions, and dies in one of the attacks.

The symptoms are quite similar in cattle. They first show increased attention to their surroundings, with lapses of dullness. Long strings of ropy saliva will hang from the corners of the mouth. They become nervous, irritable, will butt other animals; cows will bellow like the male; they will paw the earth, attempt to escape from the inclosure, and do injury to whatever may be in their way. They usually become paralyzed in the hind parts and are unable to walk. They have convulsions, and usually die in one of the attacks.

Pigs become nervous, excitable, crawl under straw or any object they can get under. They try first one place and then another. They clamp the jaws, and saliva flows freely. They will back up into a corner, squeal, and paw the ground. They will run, charge the stock, attempt to break out of the inclosure, and have convulsions. Sheep huddle together and will back up into a corner of a pen all though they were to be attacked. They bleat in a most pitiful manner. They stamp the ground, butt, run wildly about, and have convulsions. The sexual excitement in cattle, sheep and pigs is often a very marked characteristic in the early stage.

The course of the disease is much the same in all of these animals. The duration of the disease is from two to six days, and always ends fatally. The period of incubation is from 15 to 100 days, usually between 20 to 30 days; 85 per cent of the cases will occur under 45 days.

QUESTION OF COURTESY

Will you kindly tell me through your columns the rules papers and magazines are restricted to when copying jokes and anecdotes from one another?—F. B., Steubenville, O.

One publication may use anything from another, except copyrighted matter. There are no rules of restriction except the unwritten rule of common honesty and courtesy, which requires that due credit be given where due. This rule is always followed by reputable publications.

SALARIES OF PUBLIC OFFICIALS

Please give the salaries of the president, vice president, congressmen, supreme court justices, speaker of the house and the cabinet officers.—L. M., Lancaster, Wis.

The salary of the president of this country is $75,000 per year; of the vice president, $12,000; of the senators and representatives, $7,500; the speaker of the house, $12,000; the chief justice of the United States supreme court, $13,000; and the associate justices, $12,500. The cabinet officers each receive $12,000 per year.

PONCE DE LEON

Will you please give a sketch of the life of Ponce De Leon, the explorer?—C. E., Kearney, Nebr.

Juan Ponce De Leon, the explorer, was born in Leon, Spain, about 1460. In his youth he served as a page to Don Fernan, afterwards Ferdinand V. De Leon took part in the Moorish wars, and it is said that he sailed with Columbus on his second voyage in 1493. In 1509 he conquered the island of Porto Rico, where he became governor and acquired great wealth. On March 3, 1513, he sailed from Porto Rico on his famous voyage in search of the island Bimini, with its miraculous fountain of youth. Land discovered on March 27, and as it was Easter Sunday, which is called by the Spaniards Pascua de Flores, or because of the abundance of flowers, it was named by him Florida. In the following month he landed on a spot near the present site of Fernandina. He took possession in the name of Spain, and after exploring the coast he returned to his native country the following year. In 1514 he led an expedition against the Caribs and another voyage was made two years later. The king appointed De Leon governor of Florida, and directed him to conquer and colonize the island, as it was believed to be. Therefore he made another voyage, but was repelled by the Indians, receiving a wound from an arrow which caused his death in Cuba shortly afterwards.

THE REIGN OF TERROR

Please give an account of the reign of terror in France.—T. H., Springfield, Ill.

In the French revolution, after the execution of the king of France on January 21, 1793, a revolutionary tribunal and a "committee of public safety" were instituted, and Paris was soon under the rule of an organized terrorism at the head of which were Danton, Marat, Desmoulins and their associates. This "committee of public safety" was given, by the national convention, absolute power over persons and property. The murder of Marat by Charlotte Corday, on July 13, was believed to have removed the head and the life of the terrorists, but it soon was seen that Robespierre was even more ferocious. On October 16 the queen, Marie Antoinette, was also executed, and a vast number of the nobility followed her to the guillotine. Robespierre secured the conviction of a number of his opponents in the revolutionary government, and 20 of them were executed on March 24, 1794. On April 5 Danton and his adherents were brought to the guillotine and Robespierre, St. Just and Couthon had almost absolute power. The horrors and cruelties of the time was redoubled. The national convention dared not refuse their demands, and a veritable reign of terror set in. The execution of those suspected of disloyalty to the republic became simply promiscuous slaughters of suspected persons, and the daily average of 60 to 70 of these went to the guillotine. In Paris alone, there were 1,500 executions during the seven weeks of this condition. But Robespierre's ferocity caused opposition to him to spring up. On July 27 he was arrested and on the next day he and a great number of the leaders of the terror were guillotined, thus ending riot rule in France.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

Please give a history of the life of J. H. Payne, the author of Home, Sweet Home.—J. J. C., West Buxton, Me.

John Howard Payne, the author of the song Home, Sweet Home, was born in New York city, June 9, 1792; died in Tunis, Africa, April 10, 1852. He was a very precocious child, with a decided penchant for the stage. He appeared first as a professional actor at the Park theatre, New York, February 20, 1809, as Young Norval, and then made a tour of the eastern cities. In 1813 he appeared in London in that play, and afterward in the principal cities of Great Britain. For nearly twenty years he remained in Europe, as actor, author and manager. He wrote many dramas, the most of which are long forgotten. One of these was called Clari, the Maid of Milan. In it appears the song, Home, Sweet Home, which made the fortune of all concerned, except the author. In 1832 he returned to America, receiving several substantial benefits in New York and elsewhere, and in 1841 he was appointed consul to Tunis, which position he held till his death. In 1883 his remains were brought to America, and reinterred at Washington. He did not possess business judgment, and though he made handsome sums of his plays, he was always in pecuniary perplexities. A noble monument now marks his grave in Oak Hill cemetery, Washington.

MISCELLANEOUS

S. L., Everett, Pa.—The government does not require a pensioner to give any part of his pension to the churches. We infer from your inquiry which seems to have been made with all seriousness, that someone has been endeavoring to mislead you.

W. A. B., Omaha, Neb.—On November 1 there will be a partial eclipse of the sun, invisible in the United States.

W. O. W., Edmond, Okla., and A. H. C., Quinton, Va.—Complete census reports are not obtainable at this time.

K. H. K., Chagrin Falls, O.—The Ohio state election will be held this year on November 8.

B. H. H., Tinton, Ind.—Astronomers possess certain instruments by which they calculate the distance between planetary bodies.

G. A. W., Jerusalem, O.—The governor of Ohio has a number of appointments to make, but the salaries are fixed by the legislature.

O. D. H., Jackson, O.—There has been no chief justice of the supreme court appointed to succeed Fuller, who died recently.

"The Liver Pills act So Naturally and Easily."

Such a statement, coming from the cashier of a bank, shows what confidence responsible people have in these pills. Mr. A. L. Wilson after trying them wrote:

"I have used Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills and also your Anti-Pain Pills, on myself, with good results. The Liver Pills act so naturally and so easily that I scarcely know that I have taken a pill. Frequently being troubled with headache I take an Anti-Pain Pill and get immediate relief in every case."
A. L. Wilson, Sparta, Ill.
Mr. Wilson was for a number of years cashier of the First National Bank of Sparta.

Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills

are different from others. Many kinds of liver pills are "impossible" after one trial on account of their harshness. Dr Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills do not act by sheer force but in an easy, natural way, without griping or undue irritation. They are not habit forming.

If the first bottle fails to benefit, your druggist will return the price. Ask him.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

TAFT NEXT PRESIDENT

Elihu Root Says Chief Executive Is Making a Strong Officer.

New York, Oct. 29.—"If Mr. Taft continues to make as good a President as he is making now, he will be the natural and inevitable candidate of his party in 1912, unless one thing happens—that the people of the United States shall repudiate the administration of Mr. Taft by such a crushing and overwhelming defeat of his party that it will be apparent that Mr. Taft cannot be re-elected."

This was the statement made last night by United States Senator Elihu Root in a speech at Manhattan Casino. It was his first speech since the Saratoga convention and it had been hinted that he would have something to say about questions of the Republican party's national policy involved in the New York state campaign.

Mr. Root addressed himself particularly to those Republicans who might stand willing to vote against the Republican gubernatorial candidate for the sake of rebuking Theodore Roosevelt and declared that Republican defeat in the state this fall would be more of a blow to the national administration than to Col. Roosevelt. In fact, he said, a Democratic victory in New York would more likely turn the next national convention away from a national administration which could not hold its party together and toward Mr. Roosevelt or to "one of the far more radical leaders looming up on the political horizon in the north and middle west."

Considers Taft Favorably.

"It is said that we must consider now the nomination for the presidency in 1912. Well, Mr. Taft is President of the United States; a Republican President; a strong, wise, considerate and fearless man. He has the qualities which make a man grow in the estimation of thoughtful people and back of all the glamor and excitement of our present life, the American people are thoughtful people. He has grown and is growing in public esteem. If he continues to make as good a President as he is making now he will be the candidate of his party in 1912. The Democratic party cannot defeat Mr. Taft, but the Republicans can by their adverse votes."

KING FEARS BAD OMEN

George V. Wants Care Taken in Crowning Him.

London, Oct. 29.—King George is particularly anxious that his coronation ceremonies next June should be free from any untoward incident which might be construed as ominous. This is not alone because he himself, like all members of his house, is imbued with a certain amount of superstition, but it is likewise because he is thoroughly aware that popular confidence in himself and his reign will be shaken in the event of any occurrence at the coronation which could be construed as portending evil.

The coronation of Queen Victoria and King Edward were remarkably free from anything that could be looked upon by the people as a bad omen, though the fact that the coronation of King Edward had to be postponed on account of the illness with which the monarch was suddenly stricken led many persons to predict that his reign would be short.

At the coronation of George IV., the Marquis of Anglesey officiating as lord high steward, while carrying the crown to the altar let it slip from his hands. When George III. was installed on the throne, Lord Effingham, master of ceremonies, forgot to provide the sword of state and the chair and canopy for the banquet. At the coronation of George II. the Dean of Westminster forgot the chalice and paten, and at the coronation of the ill-fated King James I. the communion service was omitted.

At the coronation of Charles I. the wing of the dove on Edward the Confessor's sceptor was broken off accidentally. And the Bishop of Carlisle, in preaching the coronation sermon, selected as his text, "I will give thee a crown of life," a text which put everybody in mind of the funeral service, in which it so frequently figures. It may be remembered that King Charles lost his head on the scaffold.

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For ten days we will send absolutely free a two weeks' supply of medicine for EPILEPSY, ST. VITAS DANCE and NERVOUS DISORDERS. Write today or you may be too late. Kiro Remedy Co. 267 Detroit St., Flint, Mich.

"Your Cancer Cure A Marvel"

"Cure Is Quick, Certain and Painless" Says Prominent Brooklyn Real Estate Man.

"The Cedar Hill Sanitarium treatment for Cancer places it at the head and front of the world's benefactors," says J. B. Ridge, for many years a prominent real estate man, residing at 460 Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. B. RIDGE
Prominent Brooklyn Real Estate Man.

"Your treatment has entirely cured me of the cancer on my temple. The hole that was left after the growth came out was about the size of a silver half dollar, and has healed so there is hardly a mark left from it. Your cancer cure is certainly a marvel, quick and certain. No pain in my case. Its discovery places you at the head and front of the world's benefactors. You may use this letter any way you deem advisable.
J. B. RIDGE."

The Cedar Hill Sanitarium Treatment for Cancer, is not a new, untried discovery, but a scientific preparation. Send your name and address today, and learn how to treat yourself in the privacy of your own home without risk or danger. It may be the means of saving your life. Do it today.

The Cedar Hill Sanitarium is one of the finest sanitariums in the country for the treatment of cancer, tumors, birth-marks and skin diseases. It is furnished throughout with all modern conveniences; every room electric-lighted; steam heat; hot and cold water and every home comfort. Those who wish may come and have the doctor's personal attention. However, you can treat yourself just as well and satisfactorily right in your home, same as Mr. McMullen did. Any bank or business firm in Lebanon will tell you of our splendid success and reliability.

If you suffer from cancer in any form, simply send your name and address today to The Cedar Hill Sanitarium, 219 North Broadway, Lebanon, Ohio. You will be surprised to learn how easily you can treat yourself at home without risk or danger.

HEART DISEASE LEADER

Aged Victims Most Numerous Among Farmers.

Other Classes More Affected in Youth—Second to Tuberculosis.

Washington, Oct. 27.—Heart disease ranked second only to tuberculosis of the lungs as the principal cause of death during 1909 among the gainfully employed persons in the United States death-registraelon area, which comprises more than half the estimated population of the country, according to figures issued today by the census office.

The percentage of deaths caused by heart disease was 11.9, being highest among men employed in domestic and personal service during the several age periods from 25 to 54, but between the latter age and 64, greater among men engaged in agricultural pursuits than in any other of the five classes into which the occupations have been divided.

The percentage of deaths in the different classes at various age periods were: From 25 to 34 years: Agricultural pursuits 4.6; professional men, 4.9; domestic and personal service 5.1; trade and transportation, 4.7, and manufacturing and mechanical, 4.8.

From 35 to 44 years: Agricultural pursuits, 7.4; professional men, 7.2; domestic and personal service, 8.3; trade and transportation, 8.0, and manufacturing and mechanical, 7.2.

From 45 to 54 years: Agricultural pursuits, 11.9; professional men, 10.8; domestic and personal service, 12.2; trade and transportation, 10.8, and manufacturing and mechanical, 10.7.

From 55 to 64 years: Agricultural pursuits 16.8; professional men, 15.7; domestic and personal service, 14.7; trade and transportation, 15.0, and manufacturing and mechanical, 15.0.

FREE LAND GRANTS.

Many Americans are taking up the 5-acre fruit tracts and city lots now being offered free in Mexico. The only requirements are to have fruit trees planted within 5 years. Even the planting and care of the trees will be done on shares for those who can't go or do not care to go. The fruit grows bountifully and matures lusciously and commands very high prices. The Jacinto Plantation Co., section 594, Pittsburg, Pa., is the U. S. office for receiving applications. Particulars on request.

CHASES MAN FOR DIVORCE

Woman Finally Gets Papers Served on Husband.

London, Oct. 31.—Confidesnt of securing a divorce, Mrs. Philip Van Valkenburg, formerly Mrs. William Hayes Chapman, sailed on the Mauretania yesterday for New York to press her suit in the Connecticut courts. She finally served papers on her runaway husband after a four months' chase.

Even in her sorrow she was dressed gorgeously, with pearls encircling her neck, her breast covered with diamonds and her fingers almost hidden by rings studded with dazzling precious stones.

"Don't ask me to talk about these charges," she said. "They are too delicate and painful. It was most difficult to serve the papers, owing to the fact that my husband had been traveling under an assumed name since his flight.

WILL ORDERS GIRL TO COOK

Girl Inherits Large Estate, but Must Be Useful.

New York, Oct. 31.—Elizabeth Maria Benham, who died leaving a large estate, bequeathed to her niece, Miss Letta Elizabeth Dillman, $400 to be spent in learning to cook.

The beneficiary is also told to learn drawing and dress cutting, as part of her education in practical things. Miss Dillman lives at No. 35 Mount Morris Park West.

MATCH KING IMPORTS HELP

Retinue Headed by Former Employe of Late King Edward.

Akron, Oct. 31.—O. C. Barber, president of the Diamond Match Co., will employ English servants only in his distinctly English country home, now nearing completion at a cost of $200,000 on his estate near Barberton. Five of the new servants already have arrived from England. The others—probably seven more at least—will come as soon as the building is completed. H. Morgan, a former servant in the home of the late King Edward, heads the imported retinue.

HAD THREE REASONS TO DIE

Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 31.—Frank Gims, who committed suicide Saturday night by drinking carbolic acid, is the last of three brothers to end their lives in a similar manner. Peter, aged 30, took his life a year ago, and Adam, aged 40, four years ago. Frank, who was 30 years old, was depressed by the suicidal precedent in his family by the recent death of his mother and disappointment in a love affair. He was a pipefitter.

ELECTIONS IN MANY STATES

Votes Will Choose 28 Governors and New Lower House of Congress November 8.

Election of state officers, judges of the supreme court, will be held in 38 states on Tuesday, Nov. 8. Maine, Vermont, Arkansas and Georgia have held their state elections, but the two latter states will a week from tomorrow, elect Representatives in congress. Maryland, Mississippi, Virginia and West Virginia, likewise, will elect congressmen. Maine and Vermont have already chosen their congressmen and state officers. In 28 of the states including Ohio, governors and full state tickets are to be elected. In nine others, justices of the supreme court and minor officials are to be chosen, while in Indiana state officers, except governor, will be elected.

A number of the states will elect members of the legislature. The terms of 30 United States senators expire March 3, 1911. The legislatures of Alabama, Maryland and Vermont have elected their senators.

The sixty-second congress will be elected.

South Carolina and Louisiana have each but one ticket—the Democratic. The Prohibition party has tickets in 25 states, the Socialists in 34, the Socialist Labor in eight. The Independence league has a full state ticket in New York; the Keystone and the Industrial party each have a ticket in Pennsylvania; the People's Independent (Populist) has one in Nebraska, and the American party (anti-Mormon) one in Utah.

The number of tickets in the various states is: 1, South Carolina and Louisiana; 2, Florida, Kentucky and North Carolina; 3, Idaho, Nevada, Washington and Wyoming; 4, Alabama, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Montana, New Hampshire, New Jersey, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Tennessee and Wisconsin; 5, Illinois, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Washington Wisconsin and Wyoming.

The Socialist Labor party has tickets in Illinois, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, New York, Ohio and Texas.

Numerous proposed constitutional amendments and questions of various kinds are to be submitted in many of the states.

In Ohio, both Republican and Democratic parties have endorsed a proposition to hold a convention to draft a new state constitution.

Prohibition is an issue in Florida, Missouri and Orogen, and in those states proposed amendments to the constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors will be voted upon. In Texas, the incoming legisalture will submit to the voters for approval or rejection a constitutional amendment providing for prohibition. Oklahoma will vote incidentally on a proposed constitutional amendment substituting local option for the present system of state-wide prohibition.

Women's Suffrage Issue.

Three states, Oklahoma, South Dakota and Washington, will vote directly on the question of granting suffrage to women, while in Oregon a proposed amendment to the constitution grants to all taxpayers, regardless of sex, the right of suffrage.

The largest number of questions to be voted upon in any one state is in Oregon. There 32 initiative and referendum measures will be upon the ballot for approval or rejection. Included in this number, besides the proposed suffrage and prohibition amendments to the constitution, is a bill, proposed by initiative petition, amending the Oregon primary law, and extending its provisions to presidential nominations, allowing voters to designate their choice for President and Vice-President; providing for direct nomination of party candidates for presidentia electors; for election by party voters of delegates to their party national nominating conventions.

One of the suggested amendments to the Oregon constitution proposed by initiative petition, provides for verdicts by three-fourths of a jury in civil cases. Another proposed amendment increases the initiative and referendum and recall powers of the people.

Conservation of natural resources will be passed upon by voters of Wisconsin in the shape of a proposed amendment to the constitution, authorizing the state to make annual appropriation for acquiring, preserving and developing water power and forests of the state. In Minnesota, a proposed constitutional amendment authorized the legislature to exempt from taxation lands of private persons to be used for purposes of reforestation.

Control of Congress.

The most general interest centers in the nation wide battle for control of the next national house of representatives and the fights between the progressives and the stand-patter on national policies. For the first time in years the Democrats believe they have a possible chance of winning in a majority of the districts.

Total membership of the house is 391; majority 196. The present membership consists of 215 Republicans and 172 Democrats. There are four vacancies and the Republican majority is 43.

In order to gain control of the house it would be necessary for the Democrats to elect 24 more members, while the Republicans may lose 19 and still hold control. Of the 24 members necessary to secure control by the Democrats, two have been elected from Maine.

Old Leaders Missing.

In both houses of the next congress many of the present leaders will be missing. In the senate, Aldrich and Hale have dropped from the race for re-election; Burrows, of Michigan, has been defeated at the primaries and Dolliver, of Iowa, has been removed by death.

It is expected that Senator Charles Dick, of Ohio, will also be retired. Republican candidates for the legislature from Cuyahoga county have declared unitedly against him and the domination of progressive party leaders in many other counties, indicates that he will not be able to get a majority of the vote of the legislature on joint ballot.

On the house side, Tawney, of Minnesota, was defeated in the Republican primaries. The Democrats of Speaker Joseph G. Cannon's Illinois district will probably be unable to prevent his return, but his leadership is at an end. Enough Republican candidates are pledged against him to make his re-election to the speakership impossible.

Payne will go back, shorn of power. In Iowa, the veteran Hull was defeated at the primaries and Walter L. Smith won renomination by repudiating the speaker.

The insurgent congressmen fared better than the regulars at the primaries. In Wisconsin and Indiana, determined efforts were made to defeat LaFollette and Beveridge, but each had the mass of his party back of him. LaFollette's election is practically certain, but Beveridge has one of the biggest fights of the campaign on his hands. John W. Kern, candidate for vice president in 1908, is his Democratic opponent.

Presidential Skirmish.

Ohio is practically a presidential battle ground. At the state convention that renominated Judson Harmon for governor, it was declared openly that his success this year would make him the most logical candidate of his party for the presidency two years hence. On the other hand, Republican success will be considered equivalent to an endorsement of the Taft administration by his home state.

The Democrats have attempted to make exposure of graft in state offices the paramount issue. The Republicans assert that graft is non-partisan; that all Republican grafters are down and out, while Democratic grafters are retained in public office. Of vastly more consequence, the Republican campaign managers declare, is the regulation of great public utility corporations. To Governor Harmon and the Democratic senators the defeat of the Woods public utilities bill in the last general assembly is attributed.

There will be close fights in a number of the 21 Ohio congressional districts, including the Ninth, or Toledo district. Indications are that a majority of them will be carried by Republicans, but some sanguine Democrats claim their party will be successful in 11 districts.

Candidates for Governor.

The list of states which will elect governors, November 8, and their candidates on the Republican and Democratic tickets, follows:

STATE	REPUBLICAN	DEMOCRATIC
Ala.	J. O. Thompson	Emmet O'Neal.
Cal.	Hiram Johnson	Theodore A. Bell.
Col.	John B. Stephen	John F. Shafroth
Conn.	Charles A. Goodwin	Simeon E. Baldwin.
Idaho.	James N. Brady	James H. Hawley.
Iowa.	B. F. Carroll	Claude Porter
Kansas	Walter R. Stubbs	George H. Hodges
Mass.	Eben L. Draper	
Mich.	Chase S. Osborn	Lawton T. Hemans
Minn.	Adolph O. Eberhart	James Gray.
Neb.	C. W. Aldrich	James C. Dahlman
Nevada.	W. A. Massey	D. S. Dickerson
N. H.	Robert P. Bass	Clarence E. Carr
N. J.	Vivian M. Lewis	Woodrow Wilson
N. Y.	Henry L. Stimson	John A. Dix.
N. D.	C. A. Johnson	John Burke.
Ohio.	Warren G. Harding	Judson Harmon.
Okla.	Joseph W. McNeal	Lee Cruce.
Ore.	Jay Bowerman	Oswald West.
Penn.	John K. Tener	Webster Grim.
R. I.	Aram J. Pothier	Lewis A. Wilkerman.
S. C.	None	Coleman L. Blease.
S. D.	R. S. Vessey	Chauncey L. Wood.
Tenn.	B. W. Hooper	Robert L. Taylor.
Texas.	J. O. Terrell	Oscar B. Colquitt.
Wyo.	F. E. Mondavern	Adolph J. Schmitz.
Wis.	W. C. Mullen	John M.

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1910.

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The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

Blade Advertisements

Newspaper advertising dates back to the year 1652. Since that time it has become an art, and today the advertising columns are among the most interesting features of the newspaper, The Blade wants to call especial attention to its advertising columns, believing that the reader will be interested, if not benefited, by reading them.

Reform movements, like charity, should begin at home.

Mr. Roosevelt at 52 is a strenuous contradiction of the chloroform theory.

Traveling in balloons is all right, provided you don't care which way you go.

What has become of the old fashioned political orator who talked with his arms?

A blind man is reported to have shot a deer in Maine. He couldn't see the guide.

Some people waste a lot of valuable time trying to find out what their neighbors are doing.

At best a man has to be dead a long time before he can get a niche in the Hall of Fame.

The jury kept Dr. Crippen in suspense for 30 minutes. It will be the hangman's turn next.

Eight thousand babies were born in Baltimore this year, and chances for a second crop are good.

Woodrow Wilson says that any fool can stand pat. But that doesn't necessarily mean that all of them do.

In spite of anything that may be said many women will continue to let their husbands do the smoking.

President Taft is going right ahead attending to the country's business. He knows what he was elected for.

There are still a few old-fashioned people who would rather drive a horse than pump up the tire of an automobile.

Kansas has lost twenty thousand school children in twenty years. And yet Mr. Roosevelt is popular in that state.

Even Mr. Roosevelt could not revoke the law of gravitation. He went up in an airship, but he had to come down.

Jack London says every human being is a combination of an ape and tiger. Wonder if Jack's wife is of the same opinion.

A sculptor explains that he is seeking a divorce for art's sake. Maybe it would be a good idea to grant his plea for his wife's sake.

There are enough legal holidays now, but if any more are to be adopted they should be of the safe and sane variety.

If there are deadly germs in everything, as the theorists say, it is a wonder that any of us ever lived to have grandparents.

We suppose the woman who said she has had 40,000 prayers answered will inspire other people to ask the Lord for a lot of silly things.

A Maine woman declares that she has had forty thousand prayers answered. Evidently when she didn't see what she wanted she asked for it.

A Pennsylvania man aged 80 is husking corn. One can easily imagine that for a man of his years husking corn is more amusing than rolling a hoop.

The name of Siam's new king is Chowfa Maha Vajiravanch. It doesn't have the comic opera jingle that the name of his predecessor possessed.

A New York girl was married with her dogs as bridesmaids. If her husband is a patient man he may not kick the dogs before the honeymoon is ended.

Thirty-five hundred geese were paraded through the streets of a Kentucky city. What a grand spectacle they would have made had they been turkeys.

A Massachusetts scientist says that animals have no instinctive desire for destruction. Evidently he never saw a pup pulling the week's washing off the clothesline.

It is not probable that the question of feminine smoking, which is being generally discussed, will result in a necessary increase of Missouri's corncob pipe output.

A German professor says Peary never reached the North Pole. There may be many others who think the same way, but don't care to run the risk of getting into an argument.

Miss Grace Gilbert, the bewhiskered lady of circus notoriety, was married Wednesday to an Indiana farmer. Among other things the bride wore a beautiful nineteen-inch beard.

When a Missouri man was about to slash the jugular vein of a burglar his wife cried: "Don't cut his throat; the blood will spoil the carpet. Presence of mind is a grand thing for any housewife to possess.

To the Blade's New York Readers

It is not the practice of the Blade to enter into discussions of state political problems in the various commonwealths. It is, rather, the purpose of this newspaper to endeavor to do its share in the spreading of national civic righteousness, and to discuss with its readers those questions that are country-wide in their scope. But at this hour there has arisen, in the state of New York, a situation so fraught with national significance that The Blade deems it a duty to exercise such influence as it may have with the thousands of worthy citizens of the Empire state whom it numbers among its subscribers.

For a decade Theodore Roosevelt has been a mighty force for good in the nation's life. For a quarter of a century he has striven for cleaner and better citizenship, but in the last ten years he has reached a pinacle of authority and influence seldom equaled in all history. That the life he has lived, the deeds he has done, and the doctrines he has preached have had a large part in the latter-day awakening of the national conscience, and immense power in the national uplift even his bitterest enemy must concede. In his manifold activities he has made mistakes. No mortal man could have swept the scale of human activities as he has and escaped errors. But in the large sense, in the final analysis, Theodore Roosevelt's life and works have made for good in American life. We do not believe one Blade reader in New York state will deny us that premise.

And now there comes a crucial moment in Roosevelt's career. For years he has fought the battle of individual freedom. All his life long he has struggled to maintain the supremacy of individual citizenship. He has fought with strength and genius and limitless courage against the outbalancing of the individual ballot by the aggregated dollar. He has striven with all the fervor that you, the people, have given him to render citizenship supreme and money supine in the governmental affairs of the state and the nation. He went into the New York state fight this fall to enforce these great principles. After a bitter battle, he drove the masters of money from their entrenched places in his party organization and set the individual citizen back in the saddle in New York Republicanism.

Instantly every evil influence in the commonwealth was set in motion to encompass his defeat. Thousands of good citizens, angered at his mistakes or honestly fearful of his ultimate power, have joined forces against the Stimson ticket. All the vast power of the sodden wealth of the vile Tammany machine has been thrown into the balance against him. For the evildoers of New York state, the grafters, the sordid bosses of both parties, the corrupt corporations, all the elements of wickedness in political life, realize that the defeat of Stimson means a tremendous set-back for the forward and upward movement in America. Roosevelt defeated in New York will be Roosevelt much less feared in the nation. Roosevelt's candidate beaten in the Empire state will serve as a signal for the beating back of moral forces everywhere and the surging forward of corrupt wealth and vile political influences in every state of the union.

For these reasons, feeling to the utmost limit of belief that these things are absolutely true, The Blade urges upon thousands of New York readers who, it proudly believes, are its friends, to vote for the Republican candidate for governor. He is a good man and an honest one. But greater than that consideration, greater than any consideration of partisanship or personal prejudice, is the great underlying principle of the battle—the struggle for human rights and against entrenched wrongs. It is the battle the Republican party has fought for a half century; it is the struggle in which Lincoln died. And it will be well for the nation Lincoln loved if the immortal prayer that rose from his lips at Gettysburg shall find answer in New York:

"That government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

THE VALUE OF SOIL.

The farms of the United States were worth $20,500,000,000 when the census of 1900 was taken. In the ten years since their value has more than doubled so that it is to be represented by the figure $50,000,000,000—far easier to mouth than it is to conceive. In 1900 there was about $9,800,000,000 invested in manufacturing industries. It is believed that the present census will snow that agricultural values have more than kept their distance ahead of those of mill and factory. Iowa, one of the richest agricultural states, has made an increase of 117 per cent in farm values. There is said virtually to be no waste land in the state, almost all the available acreage being under cultivation. Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin and the Dakotas have probably kept pace with Iowa in agricultural prosperity. It will be interesting to see whether Ohio and states to the east can show similar gains in spite of the tendency toward industrial dominance.

WHEREIN HE WAS GREAT.

David Rankin, of Missouri, had 34,000 acres of land, every foot of which, it is said, was a producer. In one year his fields brought forth a million bushels of corn. He had droves of mules, huge stables for horses, automobiles, machinery and repair shops. He kept books like a banker and made a special study of the soil. When he died recently it was stated that he had an income of $130,000 a year. Throughout the country he was proclaimed a great farmer.

A return of $130,000 a year shows that Mr. Rankin made something less than $4 an acre.

Upon a "trial acre" in Mr. Rankin's own state more than $1,600 was cleared without irrigation and intensive cultivation so called. Doubtless many truck farmers do as well, even though they don't talk about it.

Profits of $800 an acre have been taken from land in Jerusalem township, Lucas county, Ohio.

From $200 to $500 an acre can be cited in almost any farming community.

"Eighty acres," it has been said, "makes a fine farm; an industrious man can do well with 160 acres; 640 acres is a calamity." The greatness of David Rankin would appear to consist in the fact that he reaped a yearly fortune in spite of the burden of 34,000 acres. If his land were divided among his employes and each were to work his share faithfully, the chances are that the total income would make David Rankin's income look small. Even if that should not prove true it would be far better that many independent farmers enjoy $130,000 a year among them than one, alone.

HEAVY FIRING IN NEW YORK.

Mr. Roosevelt has reason to feel flattered in that more different kinds of high explosives, heavy guns and ordnance tactics are brought against him than were ever before expended upon any man in New York, be he candidate or, as Mr. Roosevelt is, the mere supporter of a candidate.

Early in the campaign there was bombardment from the records—shells loaded with quotations from speeches, letters, official documents, conversations, rumors and gossip. That proving of little effect the amunition was switched to pure abuse, the stink-pot of the Chinese being given more than a fair test. The enemy still survived, still marched on. He remained "captain of his soul" if his coat did go to the cleaners more often than it was used to. Argument, persuasion, pleading, begging, warnings, bonfires by night and-hot air by day failed to impress the forces of the Colonel with dread lest they be swallowed alive in the country of invasion and be remembered only as the ghosts of another lost legion. They simply wouldn't turn back. They broke camp at dawn and halted regretfully when the moon went down. Now the defense has dived into the libraries and paraded forth the mighty warrior's of the past. It seeks to confound Roosevelt with Thomas Jefferson, Chief Justice Marshall, Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster, William M. Evarts and Thomas M. Cooley. The effect of these cordite charges upon the hostile troops is not reported. But it is noticable upon the men behind the guns. They are in a highly nervous and unstrung condition. If the Colonel wins, the undertaker will call. If he loses, the procession will be in the direction of the sanitarium.

NO MOVEMENT TO THE COUNTRY

Michigan gained 389,191 in population between 1900 and 1910. But 180,062 of this addition was made in Detroit alone. Massachusetts increased 561,070, of which Boston acquired 109,693. The population of Missouri was increased 186,670. St. Louis and Kansas City together show an increase of 176,375, which leaves an increase of 10,295 to be distributed among the smaller cities, towns, villages and the country of Missouri. Almost one-half of the gains made in Rhode island were added to Providence alone.

The movement to the cities, it is apparent, shows no slackening. The country, in spite of the immense improvements in farm values, the constantly bettering returns for farm products and the amelioration of unpleasant conditions so noticeable of late years, is not yet coming back to its own. While thousands of farmers have moved from the east to the more promising lands in the west their places have not been taken by an equal number of families. The attraction which the country has for so many city dwellers is still not strong enough to draw them back to the soil in numbers. But ten more years may bring about an entire change in the trend of population. The discontent with congested streets, with dependence upon wage and the disadvantages of the wage system is growing. When the exodus sets in, it is very likely to be as strongly marked as the movement to the urban centers has been.

PROGRESSIVE ADMINISTRATION.

Paraminda Maha Chulalongkorn died the other day. You don't know Paraminda and so on? Too bad. For Chulalongkorn was a great man and, in the due course of events, will have his likeness in brass all covered over with gold leaf and travelers on the road will halt a moment and mumble a word or two in homage.

The fine thing about Chulalongkorn was that he overcame the teachings of his youth, the traditions of his house and the influence of his associates, which were all for standing pat, and caused himself to be pledged inviolably to progress. Friends said: "Why change when everything has been running very nicely for you and for us? If they don't we chop off a few heads and then 'tis all well again." But Chulalongkorn answered: "The world do move—and I'm going to move with it." So he proceeded to abolish slavery, reduce taxes, open canals, build roads, establish postal, telegraph and telephone service, erect lighthouses, chart seas and navigable streams, codify the laws, improve the means for education, proclaim religious freedom, lay the foundations for hospitals, orphan asylums and art museums and invite Europeans to his court who knew how to do things in modern ways.

Chulalongkorn is gone, but not his glory. Siam—over whose destinies he ruled for more than 40 years—will keep his memory green. For, being a progressive, he saved his country from the hungry grabbers of Europe. They can grab easily only where native rules sit tight and say: "The ways of our fathers are good enough for us."

Progressive Republicanism
VI.

The Trend of the Parties.

As the state and congressional campaigns have gained impetus much of the confusion about parties and factions has been dissipated. There is less of a fog around the issues. One may perceive the tendencies of thought, though it is difficult often to see where one way of thought does not give contradiction to another, which assumes to be in complete harmony with it.

We cannot believe that a new set of parties will be formed, in spite of the fact that many observers declare we are upon the eve of such organization. That they should be born argues that the American people are tied and bound by the fetish of names. The politicians, many of them, are. But not the great mass of voters. They do not need an entire change of symbols and rallying cries before changing their party allegiance. There may have been a time when such a situation existed. But the voter has been getting farther and farther away from partisanship in recent years. He does not respond to the mob spirit. He is out of patience with attempts to herd him into the booths and to cause him to mark his ballot according to dictation. Why should there be new party names when it is only a question of alignment? The conservatives are grouping themselves naturally to one banner, the progressives to another. There is an organization which welcomes the standpatter. There is another which has its doors open to those who believe that the world does move and that attempting to stay the course of political evolution is futile.

Ten years ago, if one had said that Calhounism would once more be given support in the press and from public platform one would have been called a fool. Rudyard Kipling wrote a story about an American adventurer whom he met in a prison during the Boer war. It is Kipling's way to work in a lot of phrases to give an impression of familiarity with a wide range of subjects. He has this American saying "I'm not a states' rights man." It was a false note in the story. At the time of publication no American would have said it. It would have been far from his thought. The phrase betrayed the fact that Kipling didn't know Americans.

But suppose he met one now. The American might have made the statement in his first breath. The doctrine is coming back: It has a fathering among old-line Democrats and the stand-pat Republicans. In Ohio a former United States senator who was among the last to surrender the "Bloody Shirt" as an issue, now gives the doctrine his indirect support and its active supporters his fullest and open sympathy.

Calhoun said in effect, that the powers of congress are strictly laid down. If it attempts to exercise any powers not enumerated in the constitution it has gone beyond its authority and the acts become null and void. Any state may decide for itself whether the authority of the constitution has been transcended.

Jefferson Davis went a little farther. He said that if a state was dissatisfied with the federal government it had the perfect right to withdraw from the Union.

From Calhoun to Davis was a natural transition. To advocate secession with perfect frankness would scarcely have fitted in with the convictions or the desires of those who stood by Calhoun's arm. But in twenty-five years the idea of secession had obtained a firm grasp upon one-half of the country. There are orators and editors today who employ phrases which are almost identical with those Calhoun used. Can we say that these same men may not be advocating the policies of Jefferson Davis some day? It does not seem possible. But it is yet a point for every thoughtful American to consider when he makes up his mind as to which party and faction he purposes to align himself with.

Dr. Lyman Abbott says:

All the arguments against the extension of federal powers which we hear in political addresses and read in political journals, and all the fears of federal centralization which are used to excite popular apprehension of the latest phase of the growing and therefore ever new Nationalism, are repetitions of the arguments employed and the fears expressed in every previous stage of national development from the days of George Washington to the present day. And the answer to them can be given almost in George Washington's words: It is clear to us as A B C that the successive extensions of federal powers have made us one of the most happy, wealthy, respectable, and powerful nations that ever inhabited the terrestrial globe; and without them we should have been everything that is the direct reverse.

In New York during this campaign Judge Alton B. Parker has been one of the leading voices in advocacy of the confessed alliance between Wall street and Tammany hall. Out in Nebraska Mr. Bryan has fallen foul with his party organization. It should be plain that the policies which Judge Parker has always supported will again be the marked features of the Democratic party. The radical element will be discountenanced. The followers of Bryan will be snubbed or invited into camp upon the basis of subscribing to the tenets of the extreme conservatives. In Ohio Mr. Harmon reflects the views of Judge Parker. His association and his habit of mind are the same. If he is a candidate for the presidency two years hence he will have a platform which will differ from that upon which Judge Parker ran in 1904 only in the choice of words, not of policies.

In the Republican ranks the standpat elements have been ticketed so plainly that they should not be mistaken for the progressive factors. We have pointed out how Calhounism has suddenly returned to popular discussion. This has served to mark off one group from another. In addition there have been the struggles over conservation, the tariff board, the further regulation of the railroads, and the administration of the public lands and mineral possessions to act as demarkation between the factions.

The present elections will not bring the reactionary Republicans and reactionary Democrats into complete accord, even if they are in complete understanding. They will not cause the progressive Democrats and the progressive Republicans to get together. But the elections will bring the alignments nearer. Progressive Republicans will gain the control of their party. That seems inevitable when one remembers that the party has always been a constructive party. Reaction cannot long breathe in that atmosphere. When the evolution now proceeding shall have paused it will be seen that the advocates for bettered conditions will be in the Republican party, those who are content with present conditions in the Democratic party.

THE FRIARS' LAND CASE.

The Philippine government, by the settlement of the controversy over the friars' lands, became owner of a vast estate. But it also acquired a tremendous debt upon which to pay interest. Sales of the land have gone slowly. There was, however, no lagging in the interest. That had to be paid for as well as the administration, the guardianship and the necessary, if small, development. Possession was a burden. The government was like to go bankrupt because it was "land poor"—a condition which many hundreds of Americans will appreciate.

The American Sugar Refining company decided to found plantations in the islands. It bought an immense tract of these friars' lands. Attorney General Wickersham ruling that the transaction was legal. It is needless to say that the Philippine government was delighted. Its happiness was in direct ratio to the measure of relief. But the sugar trust is under a cloud in its own country. A member of congress saw an opportunity to scream "fraud" and he did scream with such good effect that the cheap politicians and the press whose expression is in drivel took up the cry. The combination has managed to bring about a false understanding of the situation in the public mind. This was its real aim. It cared not the snap of the fingers about the "poor, pillaged Filipinos," over whom it has wept its crocodile tears.

If an English or a German syndicate had bought the lands not a word of protest would have been uttered in this country. If the Sugar trust was not "in bad" upon other scores no one would have bothered a fig. The purchaser being tainted every irresponsible spellbinder considers he has a special license to flay the air with his arms and to open his mouth so that even the man in the rear seat can read his inmost thought—shallow as it is.

In the meantime, the title is under suspicion. The Philippine government continues paying that burdensome interest. Development is halted. This is the price that our wards far across the seas pays for a guardianship partly made up of yawping politicians and mendacious newspapers.

HOW SHIP SUBSIDIES WORK.

For some years the Spreckles' sugar interests maintained a steamship line which ran from San Francisco to Hawaii, thence to Samoa, New Zealand and Australia. A subsidiary line ran between San Francisco and Tahiti in the French possessions. A mail contract barely made up a deficit, but all the time American workmen were employed at wages about twice that paid to English seamen, our trade in the South Seas was expanding and touch was kept with a corner of the world which otherwise could be reached only indirectly. A short time ago the steamers ceased sailing. The cost was too heavy, the government was failing in appreciation and the company, while it had builded prosperous trade for American manufacturers, could not see where it was going to get its investment back.

Announcement has just been made that the Union Steamship company, of New Zealand will extend its service, now from Australasian ports to Tahiti, as far as San Francisco, a subsidy having been granted by the colonial government.

The Union Steamship company, from its start, was heavily subsidized. Today the company has scores of steamers which ply among the islands for trade. They have outgrown the necessity for subsides and most of the grants have been withdrawn. It is apparent that New Zealand considers its investment profitable. After a fair test, it knows absolutely that the system works. So—when the opportunity came to develop more trade for New Zealand—little time was lost in grasping it.

Since Mr. Roosevelt has let it be known that he is in favor of salt-rising bread it is expected that Wall street interests will endeavor to show that salt-rising bread is a menace to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

It was not many weeks after Mr. Rockefeller quit preaching until he shelled out another $3,820,000 to the Institute of Medical Research. He may feel that he can accomplish a great deal more by letting his money talk.

It may sound pessimistic, but it will never be possible to convert our large war vessels into airships.

Kaffir Boy's Ingenious Appeal.

London Daily Mail.

The Bishop of Gloucester told a story of a Kaffir boy's letter at the annual meeting of the Eton branch of the Zululand Mission.

Dr. Gibson said that a brother Bishop who had worked among the Kaffirs while on furlough received a letter from a Kaffir boy. It was a regular boy's letter, and the lad said how much he missed his missionary, whom he hoped soon to see back. But like a great many people in England he put the point of the whole letter in the postscript, which ran: "P. S.—Am sorry to tell you that I have got no trousers, as mine are broken. Still, I am not asking, I am only reporting."

That, continued the Bishop, formed one of the most eloquent appeals he had ever known. Wherever his brother went he took that letter, and trousers were showered upon him for the boy.

Potato Vacation in Wisconsin.

Plainfield Cor. Evening Wisconsin.

Village and district schools are having a "potato vacation" to give the farmers more help to get out their potatoes and also to enable children to earn a few dollars and get outdoors. The potato harvest is a great enterprise here, and every available man, woman and child finds ready employment at good wages. It will be all over with by October 25, and business will settle down to its usual degree once more. Farmers here have from six to 40 acres of potatoes on every farm, and the work requires many hundred people through digging time.

GREAT STORMS

EVEN those who are most careless of the differences between great wind storms and are in the habit of calling them all cyclones, can hardly fail, if they give the subject any thought, to perceive the complete contrast between the hurricane which has just swept over Cuba, Florida, part of Georgia and a wide area in the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico, working havoc on sea and land, and a typical "twister," such as are common in many parts of the West in an American summer. The storms are utterly unlike.

One is a matter of minutes, the other of days or at least of hours. One tears along a very narrow path, the other covers hundreds of miles in width and length, alike. The larger storm rushes ahead in nearly a straight line. So does the smaller, but it has a whirling motion, which is much more destructive than its forward course.

The hurricanes, which are as furious and as common in the West Indies as in any other region, have great extent. The wind may blow at a terrific rate for a day or more, and it is always likely to range up to 100 miles an hour, or perhaps 120. The barometer is much affected throughout a wide area, and for many hours, at least, perhaps for days.

A tornado, such as the so-called "cyclones" of the West, is an ordinary storm of wind and rain, usually with much thunder and lightning, except as to its center or vortex. There it is an air whirlpool of tremendous force. The velocity of the wind in its twisting or spiral motion is believed to reach not less than 200 miles an hour.

While the storm moves forward in the usual way of atmospheric disturbances its center also spins at almost inconceivable speed. The double motion is like that of a top which is grooved for a string and is slid along it in a straight line, which at the same time it revolves at a speed far greater than its forward progress.

At its vortex the typical tornado is much more destructive and furious than the typical hurricane, but the part of the path of the tornado which is swept by its spinning center is very narrow and the storm seldom travels many miles, with full force, or on the surface of the earth.

The much greater scope of the hurricane is likely to make its work of destruction, in life and property, much worse than that of the more fearful storm which cuts only a narrow and comparatively short swath.

The true cyclone is like a great revolving hurricane. It sweeps around in a circle, which may be many hundred miles in diameter. The force of the storm is tremendous, especially near its center, and it may last for a day or two, with little abatement of its fury.

The havoc wrought by a cyclone of this kind is often very great. It is probably the most dangerous and destructive of all storms, taking account of its extent as well as its fury, and it is especially a storm of the China Sea, the Indian Ocean and the South Pacific, and lands bordering on those seas.

The cyclone and the hurricane are storms of the tropics or the border of the tropics, rather than of the temperate zones. The small, spinning tornadoes, on the other hand, seem much more common in a part of the world like the United States than they are in the torrid zone. They are distinctly storms of temperate latitudes.

The violence and crushing power of any of these storms, at their worst, show in a most impressive way the force of the wind. It delivers terrific blows, which only the stanchest ships and the solidest buildings can withstand. Tornadoes, especially, do many strange things, as they cut ruthlessly through whatever stands in their path. They are the subject of endless discussion and study. Yet their causes remain little understood and their prevention seems to be wholly beyond the scope of man's powers.

REMOVE THE SPECTACLES

A Question of Court Etiquette That Is Agitating China.

"Should a man remove his spectacles on greeting his friends as he would remove his hat before a woman? Conservative China answers, 'Certainly.' Modern China—especially the student class—insists it is not at all necessary, especially if one really need one's spectacles in order to see.

"Feeling is high on the subject, according to despatches which have reached Paris," writes the Paris correspondent of the Daily News. "The meetings of the first constitutional assembly have only intensified the discussion. A curious incident started the trouble. From time immemorial, or at least since the invention of artificial aids to sight, it has been the usage in the Celestial Empire to take off one's spectacles on meeting an acquaintance.

"In Europe and America hats are removed in the presence of women. In France you uncover on meeting either a man or woman acquaintance. In China you take off your spectacles. What's the difference? Thus argue many of the enlightened. But young nobles who have been educated aboard have learned to scorn native customs in favor of European and American.

"A youthful mandarin noted for his learning and brilliancy was recently summoned before the regent. He is extremely short sighted. Therefore he didn't take off his horn rims as he was shown into the imperial presence. An attndant, noticing this, sprang forward, tore them from his face and gave him a smart slap on the cheek. Other students, hearing of the affair, rallied angrily to the support of their colleague and the debate has since raged merrily."

Brewers Fighting Dives.

Leslie's Weekly.

With the brewers getting indictments against lawless saloonkeepers we have entered upon a new chapter in temperance warfare. Upon evidence collected by the Ohio Brewers Vigilance Bureau four Cincinnati saloonkeepers were indicted by the grand jury on the charge of maintaining nuisances. This is the first gun in a campaign being waged by the brewery interests against "dives" and law breaking saloons, the brewers proceeding on the assumption that if the objectionable saloon is eliminated the prohibition sentiment will become a thing of the past.

A Fiddler's Velvet Crab.

London Standard.

For the first time on the east coast a rare but ferocious species known as fiddler's velvet crab has been taken off Yarmouth, where it was captured in a shrimp net on Wednesday. It derives its name from the plushlike feel of its upper surface, which is densely covered with short silky hairs.

Its pincer claws are armed with extraordinary spiny processes, and its legs are marked with lines of brilliant blue in life, which rapidly fade after death.

Magpie Superstitions.

English Agriculturist Economist.

It would appear that some amount of superstition is associated with the magpie in country folklore; somehow or other the bird has acquired a more or less sinister reputation. This may be due to its sable plumage or perhaps to its artfulness. Thus, according to one doggerel relic of superstition which one often hears in the south, the appearance of one magpie signifies sadness, two augur mirth, three foretell a death and four herald a birth.

A New Jersey Pitcher Plant.

Lower Creek Salem Sunbeam.

One of the most interesting objects in this township is the pitcher plant in the yard of Luke F. Carll at Hancock's Bridge. This plant is ten years old and contains four blooms of red, white and blue flowers. The plant is a native of dessert lands and thrives best in sand. A great peculiarity of the pitcher plant is that it is continually absorbing and retaining water in its funnel like formations. In its native lands birds drink of the water provided by this remarkable plant.

To a Boy.

Dear boy, I quite admit your attitude
Is warranted by every fact and figure;
I know 'tis with no thought of being rude
You emphasize with rigor
The simple truth, not quite so badly stated,
That you are up to date and I outdated.

You are the coming man and I the going,
For I am middle aged, you in your teens,
Mine is the ebbing tide and yours the flowing,
With all that difference means.
I must defer and listen to you humbly
While you explain what I have pondered dumbly.

To me the ways of life are mystifying,
But they present no reticence to you,
I puzzled long, until I ceased from trying,
But your unfinishing view
Expounds without the slightest hesitation
And points the finger of elucidation.

You set me right in details when I stray,
Correcting me with kindly condescension,
And if I thank you (in sarcastic way)
You depreciate the mention.
My subtlest irony can find no joint
In all your armor to insert a point.
Some men, it seems, are born to humbleness,
Some have it thrust upon them willy nilly,
Your general tone enables me to guess
How much you think me silly;
Yet your endeavor to direct me rightly,
I must confess, is always done politely.

So I must learn to take my proper cue,
Owning that all my lore is superseded:
Effete and obsolete I look to you
For guidance that is needed.
It must not be that grudgingly or surly
I face the fact that I was born too early.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE SKY PILOT OF THE LAKES

The Rev. W. H. Law's Parish Extends From Buffalo to Duluth.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

A parish 1,800 miles in length and 300 miles in width is in charge of the Rev. W. H. Law, known from Buffalo to Duluth as the sky pilot of the Great Lakes.

The membership of this parish runs into the thousands and the great majority of the parishioners never worship twice in the same locality, for services are held mostly in the movine ships. Some are held in lonely lighthouses far from other human habitation.

No wedding has ever taken place in this parish, no christening of a baby no services for the burial of the dead.

This sky pilot seeks his parishioners in a small gasoline boat 22 feet in length. Besides carrying the message of the gospel to these men, he takes to them books, magazines, papers and news of the outside world. His visits are looked forward to by the lighthouse keepers and the lightship crews, for his territory is so large that he is unable to visit them more than once during the season. He maintains a small circulating library of not more than 70 books. He also carries with him a phonograph, with records of the most popular hymns.

Some of the lighthouses visited are far from the mainland and the trips to them are hazardous. Standard Rock light, for instance, is nearly 50 miles out from Marquette on Lake Superior. It is erected on a small but dangerous reef which resembles a whale's back.

The light is 105 feet in height and rests on crib work which is encircled by a railway and for weeks at a time the weather is so bad that it is dangerous for the keepers to venture out of doors. Between the light and Keweenaw Point there is a depth of 1,008 feet of water.

On his travels the sky pilot visits 300 lighthouses, 15 lightships and 80 life saving stations. Mr. Law does not outwardly resemble a minister of the gospel. He is big and healthy and has a rolling gait like a sailor. He preaches simply to the sailors, with whom he is very popular.

A Floating Island.

Springfield Republican.

The crew of the bark Atlas, which arrived in Seattle recently after rounding the Horn from Philadelphia, reports a queer discovery for one day of the 139 of her voyage. She had been out many days without seeing anything—only three ships were seen on the entire trip—when one morning in the Pacific the lookout reported that he had sighted land off the port bow where no land was supposed to be. Nor could any be found on the charts.

It seemed low in the water, but too much like the real thing to be a mirage, so the captain ran toward it. It proved to be land, right enough, an island covered with trees and thick low underbrush. Birds and a few monkeys were seen upon it, but no other signs of life. These precluded the possibility of the island being of volcanic origin, and leads the captain to claim it as a floating island. He believes that it was washed out to sea from the delta of the Rio de la Plata or the Negro and that the undergrowth was so thick that its roots held the whole together.

As he saw two trees tumble into the water from the island's edge before he sailed away his theory appears to be whatwhat substantiated.

Dogs of St. Bernard.

London Globe.

Although the tunnels which now connect Switzerland with Italy have greatly decreased the importance of the St. Bernard and other passes, especially during the eight months of snow, it is still deemed advisable to employ St. Bernard dogs. It is no longer customary, however, to send out the dogs alone with baskets of food and drink; a man always accompanies them.

These dogs are not really of the famous old St. Bernard breed. That originated in the fourteenth century through a cross between a shepherd dog from Wales and a Scandinavian dog whose parents were a Great Dane and Pyrenean mastiff. The last pure descendant of this tribe was buried under an avalanche in 1816. Fortunately, there were found subsequently at Martigny and on the Simplon Pass a few dogs which by crossing with mates from Wales yielded the modern St. Bernard dog, which is physically even stronger than his mediaeval namesake and shares most of his traits.

THINKS LINCOLN PENNY BAD

Washington, D. C., Oct. 31.—From an isolated North Dakota town an inquiring resident has sought light from the post office department concerning a Lincoln penny that has fallen into his hands. In a letter to the Postmaster General of North Dakota, ignorant of the thousands of newspaper articles that dealt with the country-wide discussion, raised last year by the issue of the Lincoln penny with its designer's initials, "V. D. B.," in relief, wrote:—

"I inclose a penny that I do not know anything about. Is it what we call a false piece of money? If you know anything about the penny please tell me."

The department will notify him that the cent he inclosed is perfectly good coin of the realm.

Cats' Adventures.

London Globe.

The pet cat belonging to the Kingsland firemen has been found and restored to its owners. The animal had been in the habit of going out to fires on the escape and was lost at Stoke Newington a fortnight ago. Yesterday it was seen at Highbury, and being recognized by its collar studded with firemen's buttons, was taken to the nearest fire station and thence sent on to Kingsland.

They have a similarly intelligent cat at the general postoffice, Paris. He gets into the mail cart and accompanies the bags to the station and takes frequent long journeys in the mail van. Recently, however, he was sealed up in a mail bag and got as far as Marseilles.

Indians as Diplomats.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

"I have often wondered why the diplomatic corps of this country did not employ Indians," said W. J. Kershaw in an address on "The American Indian" at the first fall meeting of the Wisconsin Archaeological society.

"They possess the one supreme quality of diplomat—ability to control their tongues. In addition to this the American Indian is an orator of no mean quality. He is a good worker and it will be found that as soon as the white man stops treating the Indian both as individuals and tribes at the same time his ambition will be created."

Varieties

Newspaper advertising began in 1652.

The militia of Canada numbers 54,000 men.

London consumes about 14 million tons of coal yearly.

There are over 170,000,000 acres under wheat cultivation in the world.

There are about 6,000 girls engaged in lace making in Ireland.

Canada takes 10th place among the nations in the world's shipping.

In Norway, people who are not vaccinated can not vote at an election.

China is spending $200,000,000 on the rehabilitation of her army and navy.

Over 6,000,000 acres of land are under tobacco cultivation in the world.

The most modern steel coal cars will dump 50-ton loads in two minutes.

The United States consumes over $1,000,000 worth of Spanish grapes annually.

There are only 11 periodic comets of which the return has been observed.

Nearly 800,000 tons of paper are annually manufactured in the United Kingdom.

In six out of the last 19 years the deaths in France have exceeded the births.

Over 89 million gallons of oils are annually produced from shale in England.

Since 1902 there have been 45 deaths due to balloons, steerable and non-steerable.

At Knebworth, Leicestershire, a bird has built its nest in the side pocket of a scarecrow.

Alcoholic liquors for the use of natives are not permitted to be imported into Somaliland.

Sperm oil makes one of the best polishes to use on brass work that is exposed to the weather.

The game of billiards was introduced into England at the close of the 16th century.

It is estimated that over 1,000 aeroplanes are being built in England at the present moment.

The annual post bag of British India totals over 750,000,000 letters and over 97,000,000 newspapers.

Iron and wood only are to be used in the rebuilding of the cities of Calabria razed by an earthquake.

The Philadelphia mint coined 146,000,000 cents last year, and is expected to exceed the 100,000,000 mark this year.

The birth rate in 76 great towns in England, in 1909, was 25.7 a year. The death rate averaged 14.7.

Paulhan, the hero of the London-to-Manchester flight, has been created a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

St. Andrew's university, Scotland, is preparing for the celebration of its four hundredth anniversary next year.

In the 17th century it was a punishable offense in England to kiss either wife or children on Sunday.

The telephone industry three years ago furnished employment for more than five times as many persons as telegraphy.

A gas engine, similar in many respects to the internal combustion engines of today, was patented in England as far back as 1791.

The highest telegraph and telephone stations in Europe are on Monte Rosa. They are connected with the general Italian system.

The largest aqueduct in use is the Croton, of New York, which is 38 miles long, but the longest ever built is in Peru, 360 miles in length.

A statue of Colonel J. F. Stevens, founder of Minneapolis, by John Gelert will be erected in Minneapolis by Colonel Stevens' daughter and granddaughter.

Massachusetts last year disbursed in wages in all industries $378,191,111. The three principal industries being boot and shoe manufacture, cotton goods and machinery.

A picture postcard which was mailed in Genoa in August, 1908, has just been delivered, after two years, to the person in Bayonne, N. J., to whom it was addressed.

The Ohio man in a fit of anger because his shotgun did not go off when he aimed it at a squirrel threw it against a barn door, thus causing the weapon to go off and kill him.

Within the last ten years the Methodist church in the Philippines has grown to a membership of 30,000, and 500 Filipinos are conducting preaching services.

In 18 years, with the increase in steam vessels and decrease in sailing ships, the deaths annually due to wrecks and other casualties to ships have decreased to about one-third.

Though orchids frequently bring prices that make the poor man stagger, the highest price for a single flower was given for a tulip in Amsterdam by an enthusiast, who paid $250,000 for it.

The tallest monument is the Washington obelisk, 555 feet high; but the largest monolith is in Karnak, Egypt, being 70 feet high. The highest chimney, measuring 474 feet, is in Glasgow.

In Massachusetts last year there were 306 working days, and the average time lost through shutdowns, stoppages for repairs, suspensions, etc., amounted to 12.46 days for each wage earner.

The Rothschilds smoke the most expensive cigars that are made—the Henry Clay Sobranos, which cost $1.50 each. They are wrapped in gold leaf and placed in little inlaid cedar wood cabinets.

The most costly medicine a few years ago was metallic gallium, which sold for $150,000 a pound; but radium is now the most priceless gem of the mineral world, selling for more than that price an ounce.

Mexico's interior is a high tableland upon which are located nearly all the popular cities and the climate is so cool that the Mexicans have not yet acquired the habit of drinking cold water.

A fine article made in Spain is boneless sardine stuffed with ham. This sells as high as $13.50 a case of 100 cans, against only $3.60 a case of 100 cans of ordinary sardines in oil.

When Drake drilled the first oil well near Titusville, Pa., in 1858, the world's entire output of petroleum was only 84,000 gallons in the year; today the United States alone produces six

Winchester Cartridges Selected By Gov't Experts

WINCHESTER
RIFLE AND PISTOL CARTRIDGES

Some makes of cartridges are as variable as men's watches. Cartridges out of the same box won't shoot alike. Some go high, some go low and some don't go at all. To avoid such annoying experiences, you should use Winchester Rifle and Pistol Cartridges. They are sure to shoot and will hit just where you hold. At a recent test of various makes of ammunition by the Government Board of Experts, Winchester Cartridges led, and were selected on account of being "the most accurate." If they suit the critical Government experts, aren't they likely to suit you? For your protection always

ASK FOR WINCHESTER, THE RED W BRAND, WHEN YOU BUY

Dr. Rainey Gives You $1.00 Bottle of His

Vitality Tablets FREE

The Best Remedy Known for Stomach, Blood, Nerves, Heart, Catarrh, Thinness, Debility, etc.

Dr. Rainey says: "I consider this improved formula my greatest achievement. I believe it will cure more quickly the diseases and weaknesses mentioned below than any medicine I have ever put upon the market heretofore."

STOMACH TROUBLES—Have you Stomach Pain, Belching, Lost Appetite, Bad Taste or Breath, Headache, Heartburn, Bloating, Gas, Spitting of Mucus, Quawing, Empty Feeling, Lump in Stomach, Food Dimness, Pain Before or After Eating, Coated Tongue, Sore Mouth, Indigestion? Then you need Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets, and at once. They will relieve you quickly and permanently, improve appetite, digestion and general health.

THE BLOOD—Pimples, Blackheads, Sores, Blotches, Pale, Sallow Complexion, Lips Blue, Specific Blood Poison, Eczema, Malaria, Enlarged Joints or Glands, Chilly, Feverish, Run Down, Debilitated, Weak, Emaciated? You need Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets. They restore strength and richness to the blood, so it will furnish nourishment to the whole body.

THE NERVES—Nervous Debility, Weakness, Jerking, Jumping, Excitable, Tired, Worn Out, Feel Like Falling to Pieces, Eyes Closed and Feet Together, Restless at Night, Poor Memory, Sleeplessness, Despondent, Wake Up Unrefreshed, Weak Trembles, Dizzy, Fainting Spells, Hands or Feet Numb, Neuralgia, Lack Energy, Strength, Ambition? You need Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets. They restore the nerves to normal condition, steady the nerves, banish the blues, and you feel full of life, vigor, ambition, and many years younger.

HEART—Weakness, Skipping of Beats, Fluttering, Palpitation, Pain in Left Side, Pains Under Shoulder Blades, Shortness of Breath, Dizzy, Sinking Sensations, Cold Extremities, Swollen Feet, Smothering or Hammering Sensation, Can't Lie on Right Side or Back, Insomnia, Asthma? Get Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets.

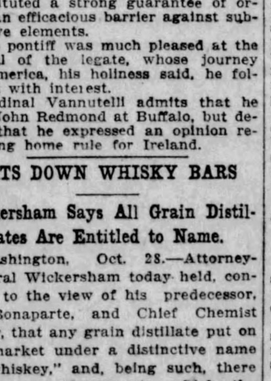
CATARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Accumulation of Mucus, Watery Discharge from Stomach, Spit up Slime, Nose Runs, Head Stuffed, Bad Odor, Dull Headaches, Catarrhal Deafness, Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Liners or Over Entire Body, Slimy Discharge from Bowels? Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets at once! They remove the cause.

THINNESS—Under Weight, Hollow Cheeks, Flat Chest, Scrawny Neck, Dyspepsia, Thin Blood? Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets build you up in every way. Guaranteed to make you put on 5 to 25 lbs. Will greatly improve your appearance.

THE SECRET FORMULA—The days of secret preparations are numbered. I give the formula of my Vitality Tablets on each bottle. Nothing to hide.

DR. RAINEY'S VITALITY TABLETS act directly through the blood, building up the nervous system; purifying the blood, enriching the blood, building up the nervous system; generating nerve force, restore full strength and vigor, so you can enjoy life's pleasures to the fullest. Contain no injurious drugs. Guaranteed under U. S. Food & Drugs Law (Serial No. 21068.)

I gladly send you a Free Dollar Bottle of Vitality Tablets, which contains 50 tablets, but also a Free Box of my Laxatives, Improved Formula. I ask only that you send 10c. stamps or coin, to partially defray cost of postage and packing on the 2 medicines. Don't delay writing. Send today.



This Bottle is Absolutely Free! I will never be satisfied until every Lame Back, Nervous Man and Woman has been thoroughly satisfied that this wonderful Vitality Tablet will do all I claim for it. I am under obligation to my many customers, who have used this remedy for years, to keep it up to the highest standard of excellence. I am happy to know that thousands who have tried this thoroughly, if you are satisfied that it is the best remedy you ever used for Stomach, Blood, Nerves, Heart, Catarrh, Thinness, Debility, etc., and vigor are completely restored.

COUPON FOR FREE FULL $1.00 BOTTLE—Sign and Mail At Once!

Dr. James M. Rainey, (Inc.), Dept. 19., 152 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.: I enclose 10 cts. for postage and packing. Send at once by mail, in plain package, $1.00 bottle of DR. RAINEY'S VITALITY TABLETS, IMPROVED FORMULA, also FREE BOX OF DR. RAINEY'S LAXATIVES, IMPROVED FORMULA, without cost or obligation to me. Also your FREE HEALTH BOOK.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Toledo Blade Patterns

These patterns are practical and adapted to home dressmaker. Full directions as how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The pattern will be mailed to any address for only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the size of the pattern and the bust measure also. Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

7703 Child's Single Breasted Coat, 4 to 8 years.

6629 Dress Tunic with Guimpe, 32 to 42 bust.

6534 Girl's Princesse Dress, 2 to 8 years.

7676 Negligee with Fancy Collar, 32 to 42 bust.

6560 Boy's Reefer Suit, 8 to 14 years.

7731 Long Coat, 34 to 44 bust.

6596 Seven Gored Skirt, 22 to 32 waist.

7697 Corset Cover with Peplum, 34 to 42 bust. 7697 Embroidery Pattern.

ARTS A BAREHEADED CULT

Montclair, N. J., Oct. 26.—The "bareheaded" cult has got a strong hold in Montclair, through Dr. Richard C. Newton, Democratic candidate for Mayor. Youths of the Montclair high school are enthusiastic followers.

Dr. Newton believes the modern hat is responsible for much baldness.

REVOLUTION MAY BLAZE

Rumor That Cabinet Troubles Have Precipitated Civil War in Greece.

Berlin, Oct. 27.—There is a persistent rumor in financial circles today that a revolution has broken out at Athens. The telegraphic inquiries sent to the Grecian capital this afternoon have elicted no response.

There has been much ill-feeling at Athens recently against the National Assembly, culminating in the dissolution of that body last Tuesday.

The assembly was especially elected for the purpose of undertaking a revision of the constitution.

New Cabinet Unpopular.

At the request of King George, M. Venezelos, the Cretan leader, formed a cabinet on October 18. The ministry was not received in a friendly spirit by the chamber, the members of which repeatedly absented themselves when Premier Venezelos attempted to secure a vote of confidence.

The premier, discouraged, announced the resignation of the cabinet on October 23. King George, however, refused to accept the resignation, and on Monday the chamber adopted a vote of confidence in the premier by a ballott of 208 to 31.

The premier was not satisfied, feeling that it was a vote of complaisance rather than sincere support, and insisted that the assembly be dissolved. He had his way and November 28 was set as the date for the elections for a new revisionist chamber.

Opposed to the recent assembly was the ministry, cordially supported by the king and the populace. The latter have recently made friendly manifestations toward the king and the government and criticized the assembly though no serious disorders have occurred at the capital so far as is definitely known outside.

POPE HEARS OF U. S.

Gives Audience to Cardinal Just Returned.

Rome, Oct. 27.—The pope gave a private audience today to Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, who recentiv returned from his mission to America, where he was the papal legate to the Eucharistic congress at Montreal.

The cardinal described the congress as notably successful, and he also dwelt with enthusiasm upon the impressions received upon his subsequent visits to New York city, where he was present at the consecration ceremonies at St. Patrick's cathedral, Washington and other larger cities of the United States.

Admires Growth.

He admired the astonishing growth of the American nation which, he said, foretold a magnificent future. He added that the Catholic church at the present time occupied a prominent position in American life, the Catholics being at once staunch, patriotic citizens and zealous churchmen, and so constituted a strong guarantee of order, an efficacious barrier against subversive elements.

The pontiff was much pleased at the recital of the legate, whose journey in America, his holiness said, he followed with interest.

Cardinal Vannutelli admits that he saw John Redmond at Buffalo, but denies that he expressed an opinion regarding home rule for Ireland.

LETS DOWN WHISKY BARS

Wickersham Says All Grain Distillates Are Entitled to Name.

Washington, Oct. 28.—Attorney-General Wickersham today held, contrary to the view of his predecessor, Mr. Bonaparte, and Chief Chemist Wiley, that any grain distillate put on the market under a distinctive name is "whiskey," and, being such, there are only rare instances in which the stuff must be marked "blend," "compound" or "imitation." Thus practically everything sold as whisky before the Pure Food Law was enacted regains its privilege.

This decision is expected to stir the "straight whisky" people to activity before Congress, the only authority that can give effect to their contention that that alone is whisky which is made in a certain way, aged in wood and not deprived of any of the products of distillation which they maintain give the stuff its characteristic flavor and aroma. The Wickersham decision places neutral spirit whisky made in 25 hours on an equality if it is given a distinctive name.

TACOMA WILL BE RECOUNTED

New Census, Following Protest, for Washington City.

Washington, Oct. 27.—Complete reenumeration of the population of Tacoma, Wash., was today ordered by Secretary Nagel as a result of the protests made by the people of that city, who were given a hearing yesterday and today.

Citizens claimed that many of the inhabitants were not counted and on the other hand it was alleged that evidence of padding had been found.

TAFT LEADER OF BOY SCOUTS

Accepts Honorary Presidency of National Council.

New York, Oct. 28.—A letter from President Taft, through Secretary Norton, in which he accepts the position of honorary president of the Boy Scouts of America, was made public at national headquarters of the scout movement last night. The letter says:

"The President directs me to say that he will accept the honorary presidency of the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America, and thus sustain a similar relation to the movement in the United States as does King George to a similar movement in England and Lord Gray in Canada."

The boy scout movement now enrolls 150,000 youths in 46 states.

325,000 Escape Curse of Deafness

Little Invisible Sound Transmitter Does Wonders for the Deaf

Nearly half a million victims of Deafness have escaped from the Prison of Silence.

How did they do it?

By the use of a marvelous little Sound Transmitter, made of Vibratory Rubber.

Nobody but a deaf man would have had the infinite patience and dogged determination to study and experiment for years—to perfect the tiny Transmitter. That deaf man was Geo. H. Wilson.

Today, he can hear as well as anyone, and is almost idolized by the thousands who owe to his genius their escape from deafness. Even after Mr. Wilson had mastered the laws of sound transmission, the problem was far from solved. He must make the Transmitter out of something exceedingly soft and light, yet possessing great vibratory power. The use of metal was impossible in a delicate device. Ordinary rubber did not possess the necessary vibratory qualities.

Mr. Wilson began experiments with rubber and finally succeeded in producing what is known as Vibratory Rubber.

This made it possible to perfect the Sound Transmitter which is commonly known as the Wilson Ear Drum.

Do not confuse this device with the speaking tubes or ear trumpets, or the complicated and expensive portable telephones which make the wearer look conspicuous and feel ridiculous. The Wilson Sound Transmitter or ear drum is so small that it rests completely out of sight in the ear holes.

So soft and comfortable that the wearer forgets all about it. So magical in its results that it makes the deaf hear distinctly and instantly. So many deaf people have written to Mr. Wilson for information in regard to the Sound Transmitter that he has written a little book about it. And just to make the story complete, he has put in several hundred letters from people of every station in life who are using his Sound Transmitters.

Copies of this fascinatingly interesting book are now being mailed. If you wish one, simply write a post card immediately to the Wilson Ear Drum Co., 133 Todd Bldg., Louisville, Ky. (2)

ALTAR ENDS JOKE OF CUPID

Given Sample License for Fun, Decide to Use It.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Oct. 28.—David Rosenthal, a well-known attorney of this city, met Miss Rae Levy, also of this city, in the new palatial court house some weeks ago, and the gallant attorney said he would show the fair young woman around the various offices. They visited the office of the marriage license clerk, and the latter showed his visitor how marriage licenses were made out.

The clerk was a friend of the attorney, and he made out a marriage certificate and signed the name of an alderman. This he presented to the young woman as a souvenir, and Miss Levy innocently showed the certificate around among her friends, when one of them discovered that the names Rosenthal and Levy appeared as being married by an alderman, so that soon the news spread that a marriage had taken place.

The lawyer and the marriage license clerk explained that it was all a joke, but to make things all right, Mr. Rosenthal and Miss Levy concluded that they loved each other and agreed to wed. So the wedding ceremony will take place today in the Jewish synagogue and will be an elaborate affair.

PLAN TO BOOM MISSISSIPPI

Jackson, Miss., Oct. 31.—The Mississippi Commercial Secretaries' association met in Jackson today and discussed plans to encourage industry, induce immigration, advertise the resources and otherwise promote the material progress and welfare of the state.

SURGERY BLOODLESS

German Physician Finds New Use of Electricity.

Berlin, Oct. 28.—Dr. F. Nagelschmidt has just demonstrated before the electro-therapeutic section of the Royal Society of Medicine his discovery of a method of performing surgical operations without shedding blood by employing a distinct modification of the ordinary high frequency electricity.

In Dr. Nagelschmidt's apparatus, which gives a greater current than the high frequency apparatus, two wires lead from the generator to electrodes placed on each side of the part to be operated on.

Current Stops Flow of Blood.

On application of the current the flow of blood in the region between the electrodes is stopped by the coagulation of the albumen in the blood and tissue. The area of coagulation can be widened or narrowed by using broader or narrower electrodes.

Dr. Nagelschmidt believes this method will be particularly useful in dealing with large surface cancers, especially of the type called "en culrasse." He has successfully operated on thre or four cancers and has also removed tonsils without loss of blood.

Shylock Lived Too Soon.

If Shylock had known of this method he could have had his pound of flesh bloodlessly. There is difficulty, however, and except in skilled hands, danger in the operation, because there is some risk of blood coagulating in the large veins in the area between the electrodes, thereby forming clots and inducing fatal embolism.

This difficulty is met by application of vaseline ointment containing 2 per cent of pyrogallic acid, which retards otherwise too rapid healing, the result of which not only would be the encouragement of clothing, but the creation of redundant proud flesh and ugly scarring.

If this is properly guarded against the method is declared to be an enormous advance on any now existing, as obviating shock from loss of blood.

PASTOR'S FIST REFORMS THIEF

Burglar Ready to Quit Business After Athletic Reception.

Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 26.—When a burglar encountered Rev. A. G. Brown, a pastor of the Methodist church at Sloan, a suburb of this city, he met a foeman worthy of his steel.

The pastor heard a noise in the dining room of his house last night. Going down stairs he came across a husky fellow, who dropped a bag full of silver in order to wallop the pastor on the head with a "billy."

Pastor Brown used to play football at Dartmouth college. He pitched into the burglar, wiped the floor with him, and, after knocking him unconscious, telephoned to a hospital for an ambulance.

The police took the burglar later from the hospital. "He's reformed me," is all the burglar would say when he regained consciousness. "When a minister can fight like dat, wat's left for us fellers." His name he gave as Daniel Hogan, of Dayton, Ohio.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL SET BACK

Court Overrules Demurrer in $15,000,000 Tax Suit.

Springfield, Ill., Oct. 28.—The Illinois Central Railroad Co., sued by the state for back taxes tentatively placed at $15,000,000, was defeated today, when the supreme court of Illinois reversed the circuit court of La Salle county by overruling the road's demurrer.

The effect of the decision is to send the case back to the circuit court of La Salle county for hearing on its merits. It is the contention of Gov. Deneen that for 33 years the railroad has been "milking" the state through its system of accounting for gross earnings on which it is required under its charter to pay seven per cent to the state in lieu of other taxes.

FAIR UNKNOWN SUES LAWYER

Girl Who Can't Be Found Wants $50,000 for Breach of Promise.

Chicago, Oct. 28.—The blasting of a $50,000 romance, with enough love and mystery to supply a novel, was first revealed yesterday in the filing of a breach of promise suit by Miss Lillian E. O'Neal against William B. Gibbs, a retired lawyer and capitalist.

A package of treasured love missives, the authorship of which is credited to Mr. Gibbs, will figure as the real evidence. The letters just now are as great a mystery as the identity of the broken-hearted claimant. Nobody knew, or would tell, who Miss O'Neal was, whether the love letters in her possession were the vehicle for genuine heart throbs or spurious statements, or why the romance struck upon the rocks of the breach of promise court.

GIRLS BOYCOTT STINGY BOYS

Will Not Be Seen With Them Unless They Buy Ice Cream.

Sylvia, Kan., Oct. 28.—Twenty-two girls of the Sylvia high school, comprising almost the entire younger social set of the town, have formed an "Anti-Tight-Wad Club," its purpose being to boycott the young men who can walk bravely by an ice cream parlor without inviting their companions to a "treat."

A set of rules forbids the members being seen in company with any young men boycotted by the club. The girls are 14 to 18 years old. Officers of the club are Miss Pearl Draper, president; Miss Ruth Coffman, vice president; Miss Lura Hudson, treasurer; Miss Mary Barthelson, secretary.

FARMS TO REACH 50 BILLION MARK

Census Figures Expected to Show Huge Increase in Land Values.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 26.—Extraordinary increases in the total agricultural wealth of middle western states will be disclosed on the summaries of the farm statistics which will be given out by the census bureau this week. The advance of values at the present time over those given 10 years ago in these states range all the way from 50 to 200 per cent.

The total value of the farms reported at the 12th census was about $20,500,000,000; more than double the $9,800,000,000 aggregate capital invested in manufactures. There is every reason to believe the 13th census tabulations will show the present value of the farms of the United States is approximately $50,000,000,000.

While there has been since 1900 a small percentage of decrease in the number of farms and farm acreage this falling off is insignificant compard with the score or more billions of dollars added to the real and permanent farm wealth of the United States in the last 10 years. The farm experts of the government easily account for the decrease in the number of farms, farmers, and farm acreage.

They say that the smaller farmers in the middle western states, in view of the great increase in and values, are selling out to the larger farmers and then the majority of them move into the newer agricultural regions and reinvest. This has caused a consolidation of farms, a decrease in the number of farmers in the older agricultural states, and an increase in the numbers of tenant farmers and farm managers.

Iowa has gained since 1900 about $2,000,000,000 in the value of farms, the per cent of increase being about 117. In 1900 the $1,497,555,000 of value represented over 7 per cent of the grand total. If today the total of about $3,500,000,000 represents 7 per cent of the 1910 grand total it is evident that the latter should approximate $50,000,000,000.

The figures for the value of Iowa's farm land alone have been increased, it is said, by not less than $1,500,000,000, representing fully 122 per cent. The value of the buildings alone is reported to have risen over $200,000,000. In Iowa, too, there is now, it is said, practically no "waste land." All the available ground is being farmed.

The expenditures for labor are said to show a general increase of fully 50 per cent, and as there has been no material increase in the number of persons working for wages on the farms, the gain is taken to represent a correspondng increase in the wages of the individual farm laborer or employe.

The conditions in Iowa are known to be reflected in the returns for Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Wisconsin, North Dakota, and South Dakota.

FEAR DANGER TO KAISER

Belgian Authorities Get a Threatening Note.

Brussels, Oct. 28.—The extraordinary precautions taken last night to protect Emperor William and Empress Auguste Victoria when they left the city at 11 o'clock for Berlin, were explained today when the police announced that a letter threatening his majesty had been received at the royal palace yesterday.

The communication was signed by a militant Brussels anarchist and read:

"Since no one has had the courage to blow up the German autocrat, I have decided to throw a bomb."

Efforts of the authorities to arrest the writer were fruitless, and accordingly steps were taken to guard against any untoward incident.

All of the windows of the houses overlooking the streets through which the royal party passed from the palace to the railway station were ordered closed temporarily and the station itself was packed with troops.

The railway line for a considerable distance out of the city was guarded.

AIDS WIFE OF MAN HE JAILED

Yale Student Raises Purse for Unfortunate Woman.

New Haven, Conn., Oct. 28.—Clarence C. Childs, a Yale law school senior, who plays right tackle on the varsity team, made up a purse in the police court today for the wife of a man he had just helped to send to jail for theft.

Arthur C. Jacobs had been convicted on 16 charges of theft from Yale students and had been sentenced to jail. He was also bound over to the superior court on a charge of burglary. His wife will have to be sent to the hospital. When Childs found this out he appealed to his fellow students, and they all remitted their witnesses' fees, amounting to $11, which were taxed up against the prisoner and then all chipped in and gave her $35 in cash. Kenneth Allen, a senior, also promised to pay her expenses in the hospital.

Watches, stick pins, and other jewelry were stolen from the students' rooms by Jacobs. A nephew of the late Senator Hanna lost three pairs of socks valued at $7.

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Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-six years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

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AERONAUTS ARE BACK

New York City Aviators to Unite in Welcome to Hawley and Post.

WHERE THEY LANDED RECORD THEY BROKE.

The point on the Peribonka river where Hawley and Post landed is in the extreme north of Quebec. From the Peribonka river to St. Ambroise, the first telegraph wire, it is a week's journey on foot and by canoe. From St. Ambroise to Chicoutimi it is 40 miles by wagon road. From Chicoutimi to Quebec it is 227 miles by railroad. Roughly estimated the men landed 300 or 400 miles north of Quebec. The railroad runs 227 miles north of Quebec and the aeronauts were a week's journey north of this.

Hawley and Post now hold the world's record, it previously having been held by Count de La Vaulx, who went 1,193 miles from France to Siberia.

New York, Oct. 27.—A grand welcome home is being planned today for Alan R. Hawley and Augustus Post, the balloonists who broke all records in the America II. and until last evening were thought to have either drowned in one of the Great Lakes or perished in the wilds of Canada.

A dispatch from Hawley at St. Ambroise, Saguenay, reported that they landed safely 1,355 miles from St. Louis, the starting point. They will reach here Monday or Tuesday. C. F. Bishop, president of the Aero club, said today:

"The splendid feat of these men deserves the welcome we will give them. It will be the largest celebration of its kind New York or any other place in the country has ever seen. A big dinner is already being arranged. Every aviator now in the city will remain to welcome the returning champions of the air."

Both in Good Shape.

Chicoutimi, Quebec, Oct. 27.—Alan R. Hawley and Augustus Post, the new holders of the world's championship, showed little ill-effects today from the thrilling experiences which have been theirs since they left St. Louis nine days ago in the America II.

They were fatigued, but the trip had been thoroughly worth while, they said. "Tell our friends that we are well and very, very happy," was the message which they sent from their rooms in the small but up-to-date hotel which is the boast of the 5,000 inhabitants of Chicoutimi.

The two aeronauts reached here at 10 o'clock last night and retired shortly before midnight—as soon after their arrival as they could get away from the importunities of a crowd of welcoming and congratulating citizens.

Drove Forty Miles.

They had driven 40 miles over rough country from St. Ambroise since the early afternoon, and were "tired to the bone," as one of them expressed it. A flood of telegraphic messages from the United States which awaited them on their arrival went unanswered and for the most part unread until morning. Their night's rest was bound to be brief at the best, for their train over the Quebec & Lake St. John railroad was scheduled to leave at 7:30 o'clock in the morning, and if they missed this they must wait until evening.

Both airmen agreed that the most welcome sight in all Chicoutimi on their arrival was the bathtub in their rooms at the hotel. This was a luxury which they had been denied for nine days. And every one of the nine days had been spent arduously. Four of the nights had been passed out of doors, with the hard ground for a bed and their army blankets for a cover.

Didn't Bring Balloon.

Their balloon, the America II, is still at Lake Du Banc de Sable, this being the title of the township where they landed. It is believed that Joseph Pednaud and Joseph Simard, the two trappers who brought the balloonists in a bark canoe to St. Ambroise, will go back and see what can be done to get the big bag from its cache on the side of the mountain to the railroad here. This will not be an easy task.

Messrs. Hawley and Post landed about 46 hours after their departure from St. Louis. The balloon basket touched earth at 3:35 o'clock on the afternoon of the 19th. They probably flew, in all, about 1,600 miles, although the direct distance between the two points, on which the international race is decided, is only 1,355 miles. This would make their average rate of progress about 35 miles an hour.

Leaving here this morning, Messrs. Hawley and Post will reach Quebec shortly before 6 o'clock this evening.

The balloonists started from St. Louis with nine other contestants in the International contest on Monday, October 17. All the other balloons have been reported.

Two messages from Hawley and Post were received in New York early last night. One was to William Hawley, brother of the aeronaut, the other to Samuel F. Perkins, pilot of the balloon Dusseldorf II, which had been considered the winner. The message to Mr. Hawley read:

"Landed in wilderness week ago, 50 miles north of Chicoutimi. Both well. ALAN."

With receipt of the news there ended a search which had come to be regarded by many as almost hopeless, and in which the governments of this country and Canada were indirectly participating. For, in addition to emissaries sent by the Aero club of St. Louis, the Aero club of America and by William Hawley, the United States revenue cutter service, and signals corps of the army, the Hudson Bay company, and other agents were conducting the search, scouring the great lakes and making preparations for entering the almost impenetrable Canadian forests.

SAYS CHICAGO MUST AWAKE

Jurist Declares Laws Are Lax and Quotes Criminal.

Chicago, Oct. 28.—"I'd rather take my chances in the Chicago courts in a murder trial than face the numerous robbery charges against me in East St. Louis."

That declaration, made in East St. Louis by Leigh Rhodus, the "Candy Bandit," and self-confessed murderer of Dr. W. F. Michaelis, the Englewood dentist, furnished a text today for remarkable comment by Judge John Gibbons of the Superior Court. This jurist, who spoke from the judgment seat of 30 years' experience, declared that Rhodus' assertion that he would rather be tried for murder in Chicago than for burglary in East St. Louis indicates how criminals look upon Chicago.

"Laws are lax," said the judge. "Just take notice of the businesslike way the English handled the Crippen case. Chicago must wake up and force new laws upon the books or the criminals high and low will overwhelm the good that is being done now."

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HAWLEY HURT IN TOUR

Leg Is Injured as Aeronauts Walk Through Wilderness to Civilization.

Quebec, Que., Oct. 28.—Looking somewhat fatigued from the several days' hardship succeeding their sensational flight through space which won for them the coveted trophy of the world's greatest conquerors of the air, Alan R. Hawley and Augustus Post disembarked from the Quebec & Lake St. John train in the old historic city of Quebec at 7 o'clock last evening.

The first day after leaving the America II. at the end of their journey on the banks of the Peribonka river, Mr. Hawley's leg was injured so badly that he was laid up for several hours and he has not yet entirely recovered from the effects of the hurt.

Aeronauts Are Worn Out.

Although possessed of vigorous health and dauntless spirits it was easy to perceive that the two aeronauts, about whose safety the people of the entire continent had been held in suspense for several days, were worn out, and although they spoke freely, their bodily fatigue could not be disguised. And at times, as they recounted their thrilling experiences, they would remark that they were somewhat dazed. Mr. Post, acting as spokesman, said:

"We left St. Louis at 5:46 p. m. on Monday, Oct. 17, and ascended over the Missouri and the Mississippi rivers and up along the Illinois river to Wisconsin. In the morning we were over the border of Wisconsin and then headed off toward Lake Michigan. We went out over the lake at a pretty high altitude, but shortly descended to lower levels, owing to the danger of gas condensed over the water and we were brought to shore. We then rose aloft again to secure the benefit of the eastern drift which carried us over the lake."

Mr. Hawley interposed here and said that their voyage over the inland ocean was quite a pleasant and agreeable one to them and that they enjoyed it much more than their lofty travels over mountain regions. Continuing, Mr. Post said:

Over Muskoka Lake.

"We crossed Lake Michigan, landing near Point Sable, near Point Ludington. We then went northerly from that point up to Traverse City and from there we rose high again, and, getting the eastern drift, crossed Lake Huron during the night, also the lower part of Georgian bay and in the early morning the first thing we knew we were over Muskoka lake. Here we realized that the only practical thing to do was to stick to the easterly current and make toward the east. We did this, looking all the time for a good landing place but could see none. On one occasion we rose to an altitude of 5,000 meters as registered by the barograph.

"We then saw in the distance what we supposed to be Normandin, the near end of Lake St. John, about 200 miles from the city of Quebec. We were then traversing a distinctly mountainous region, but, like an oasis studded in the center, we espied signs of civilization, and perceived a cultivated field in the distance. This was at about 1 o'clock on Wednesday, and we then prepared to land at the first suitable opportunity.

"Looking beyond in the direction we were flying there seemed a limitless wilderness, but we maintained control of our machine and fearing to penetrate further into the wilds from which we would have experienced untold hardships perhaps in retracting our journey, we accordingly decided to descend as soon as possible without incurring risk, and this we accomplished, landing on the north side of Lake Chitogama on the easterly side of the Peribonka river, just beyond a small lake called Banc Au Sable. We considered our landing a very favorable one under the circumstances, but we nevertheless were in the wilds of Lake St. John region, having been carried forward for a considerable distance from the last signs of civilization which we saw. Then we consulted as to what should be done and after reviewing the situation we decided to remain where we had landed for the night.

"That was on Wednesday evening. The night was cool in the northern region, but we made ourselves as comfortable as we could in the basket. We were no sooner prepared for well merited rest, for our experience was an arduous one, than the elements became angered and a severe electrical storm passed over us. The next morning we arose early after only a slight rest and an inspection of the balloon revealed to use the unmistakable fact that it was impossible to move it from where it had lodged.

"No other alternative was then left to us than to attempt to reach civilization on foot."

MAY FIRE MARRIED WOMEN

Government May Discriminate Against Them in Offices.

Washington, Oct. 28.—Married women in the government's employ who have husband's able to support them, will be in danger of losing their positions if a recommendation which is about to be made to the various departmental economy committees is favorably received.

Many unmarried women, who have lost their positions through the introduction of recent economies, in making applications for reinstatement have suggested that they be given places now held by married women whose husbands are able to support them. It is understood such a recommendation may be made to the economy committee recently established by President Taft.

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HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

What Women Are Doing

ELIZABETH AYRES

USUALLY, when you see the headline, "What Women Are Doing," in the magazines or newspapers, in the article that follows, you read of remarkable things achieved by women, and out-of-the-ordinary things that women are doing in various ways. There are many women up and doing these days. In fact, there is not much of anything in which women are not engaged, and the race is to the strong, regardless of sex.

With each year that passes, down-trodden women grow fewer and farther between, and it is a safe guess, that if a census of the down-trodden ones were taken, there would be found as many underfoot men as women.

For instance and as an example: A recent news item stated that a man, whose front name is Albert, had advertised for a wife. He promised to marry the first woman who answered the advertisement, and, because of this, he was held a prisoner for 12 hours by a determined little woman, who stood outside of his room in the hotel where he was stopping, for the dire purpose of forcing him to make good his promise. So many women responded to his matrimonial advertisement, he decided that with him, first come could not be first choice. He wanted to look the field over before he made a selection. The field was rather a large one, according to the news item, as there were more than 170 applications for the position, which was no sign that all counties were heard from. In consequence, Albert, though six feet tall, and broad in proportion, became coy and hard to please, and so was held a prisoner by one small woman, because he was ungallant enough to be guilty of breach of promise.

The news item did not finish the story. What became of the small woman who held the coy Albert a prisoner, has not been told, neither has Albert's fate been related, but enough was written to let the world know what a few women have been doing, so far as seeking to enter the matrimonial arena is concerned.

From another news item comes this: A woman who recently became a bride, chose to have a trio of dogs accompany her to the altar, in place on the conventional bridesmaids. With the dogs were connected sentimental associations. They were Japanese dogs from the Mikado's kennels. The bride and groom met in Japan—hence the sentimental associations, and likewise hence, the dogs in the wedding procession. As the story goes, they did not behave well. They barked and capered at the wrong time, creating hilarity that nearly broke up the ceremony, so they were retired to a corner in charge of the best man, while the wedding proceeded. And this is something another woman has been doing. It is also another unfinished story. The bride and groom in this case, departed for a trip to Europe, but whether they did, or did not, take the dogs along, is unknown to history.

There was once a dog at a wedding I know of. He was not expected, but he was the spoiled and pampered pet of the household, and, while the marriage ceremony was being performed, when no one was looking for a dog, he slipped into the room and calmly sat himself down on the train of the bride's gown. Her gown was white and the dog was black. The result was a picture in black and white, which was much enjoyed by all those present.

The other morning, I had two pleasant glimpses of what some women are doing. They are bits of real life which will never go into the telegraphic dispatches, because there is nothing spectacular about them; nothing except happiness, but happiness is a good thing to pass on and to boost all you can. Too often it is left unrecorded, while battle, murder and sudden death and all their relations, are expounded and dilated upon.

Glimpse number one was that of a young woman who has been married two or three years or so. She has been in the city visiting her father and mother, while her husband is getting adjusted in a new position he has recently acquired, and while they are waiting for the flat to be vacated in which they expect to make their home. The time of waiting is almost ended. It would have done you good to have seen the happiness of that young woman. She was especially delighted with her husband's new position. "It is better than anything he has ever had before, and just what he wanted and has been working for," she said. "It's just what he wanted."

Her radiant face told that it was just what she wanted, too, but then, I being well acquainted with both parties in this case, know that what HE wants is sure to be what SHE wants, also.

There is nothing exalted about this new position; nothing grand about the new home she is to begin making, but to her, their prospects are glowing. She was brimming over with happiness and filled with pleasant expectations of happy days to come. The part she plays in the world's work, is that of a homemaker, and she rejoices in it. This is what another woman is doing.

When she went away, her happiness seemed circulating around in the atmosphere. Another young woman came in and added to this circulation. She has been married, going on two years, and has a son about half a year old. There was much to be said about that infant son, than whom, according to his mother and several relatives and friends, there is none more wonderful. The real news she had to relate, was the approaching marriage of her brother. She had been the first of the family to marry.

"One marriage in a family always brings another," some one remarked, wisely, after the news was told.

"Isn't it so!" the happy woman exclaimed, "and both my other brothers are engaged," she went on, in a delighted voice.

Then she returned, conversationally, to her own home and "the baby." Both of these, we who were present, were cordially invited to visit.

"My house isn't in very good order," she explained. "The baby takes up so much of my time."

Her happy face told that she was shamelessly indifferent to the fact that her house was not in very good order. Confidentially, I know the disorder is not of the kind you can notice much. She is not that sort of a woman.

"When I was first married," she said, "I nearly had a fit if there was a bit of dust around. I was right after it, but now—" her voice spoke volumes and they were all about the baby.

"What does a little dust matter so long as you are well and happy?" one of us inquired, recklessly.

"Nothing matters," she answered with equal recklessness, "so long as we are well and happy. That's all anyone needs."

Simultaneously and together, we who listened, nodded our heads and approved.

This is what another woman is doing, and this is what countless women are doing, and feeling glad of it. There is nothing remarkable in these two cases, I know. We take this sort of thing as a matter of course, but it is good to think, and talk, of life's bright sides as frequently as may be, and to place them under the head of "What Women Are Doing."

To a great extent, it is up to the women, to make life a bright and happy occasion.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

It takes all kinds of people to make the world. Each one of us is a "kind." Be charitable in judgment.

You may scoff at kindness, love and cheerfulness, but really, don't you like to be where they abide?

It is easy to call the other fellow a freak, but hard to remember that none is free from a streak of freak.

Intemperance of speech is a form of dissipation from which springs many evil effects.

That tired-to-death feeling is to blame for many a fancied woe and misery. Go to bed and sleep it off.

When you see people looking mad and acting angry, be thankful you do not feel as they act and look.

Half the time our greatest trouble is fear of some disaster that may happen, but never does.

The unhappiest ones are those who have nothing to do but kill time.

If you know something to another's discredit, forget it. It is to your discredit if you pass it on.

The most uncharitable people are those who condemn others for not believing as they do.

A "jawing" woman is as great a pest as a swearing man.

Home is the place to put in practice your best manners your pleasantest smiles, your most gentle words.

Did you ever happen to think that while you are cheering up others who seem to be in need of cheer, you are cheering up yourself?

Life is a dismal swamp of woe, if you make it so.

"One word leads to another." It's up to you to choose the kind of a word you use as a leader.

If you have no inclination to take offense, you will seldom find anything to offend you.

May happy days come frequently to all of you.

FROM THE BRINY

A sea captain and his mate went ashore on getting into port and made for the nearest restaurant.

They ordered soup; when it arrived, the Captain examined the curious-looking fluid and shouted, "Here, waiter, what d'ye call this?"

"Soup, sir," said the waiter.

"Soup," said the captain, turning to the mate; "blame me, Bill, if you and me a'n't been sailin' on soup all our lives and never knowed it."

The Grove on the Tower

Through the courtesy of one of our friends who signs herself, Hoosier Strawberry, we have a picture and the story of the grove on the top of the 110 foot tower of the court house at Greensburg, Indiana. The grove has dwindled to one lone tree, a soft maple. There were formerly four trees, but when the court house was remodeled in 1887, the largest tree, then about fifteen feet high, was removed, as its size was thought to render the tower unsafe. Two others on the south side perished from the intense heat.

The grove on the tower is supposed to have been started by the wind blowing the winged maple seeds between the crevices of the rocks where, catching root in the sediments of dust and watered by the rain they sprouted. The trees were first noticed sprouting, more than thirty years ago. The one remaining tree is now about 15 feet high and four inches in diameter. The picture, taken from a post card, shows three trees, which resemble bushes, rather than trees, but the height of the tower, accounts for their diminutive appearance.

Besides the tree on the tower, the court house is surrounded with a grove of maples, situated in the center of the public square.

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

Every lowly Christian who has lived a true, courageous life amid temptation and trial has made it a little easier for others to live right.

MONDAY

Whatever adds in even the smallest way to the world's brightness and cheer is worth while.

TUESDAY

One who says an encouraging word to a disheartened neighbor, gives a look of love to a lonely one, or speaks a sentence which may become strength, guidance, or comfort to another, does something worth while.

WEDNESDAY

We never know how small a thing may become a benediction to a human life.

THURSDAY

Some day we shall know that every sorrow in our lives held a secret of joy for us.

FRIDAY

Our lives are the little garden plats in which it is our privilege to drop seeds. We shall have to eat the fruit of the seeds which we are planting these days.

SATURDAY

One of the secrets of a happy, beautiful life is, to live one day at a time.—J. R. Miller.

COULDN'T DO IT

"I can't stay long," said the chairman of the committee from the colored church. "I just come to see if yo' wouldn't join de mission band."

"Fo' de lan' sakes, honey," replied the old mammy, "doan come to me! I can't even play a mouf-organ."—Lippincott's.

POETS' CORNER

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN

By Walt Whitman.

O Captain! My Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, thy vessel grim and daring;
But oh heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! My Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

THE RAILROAD CROSSING

By Hezekiah Strong.

I can't tell much about the thing, 'twas done so powerful quick
But 'pears to me I got a most outlandish heavy lick;
It broke my leg, and tore my skulp, and jerked my arm most out.
But take a seat: I'll try and tell jest how it kem about.

You see, I'd started down to town, with that 'ere team of mine,
A-Haulin' down a load o' corn to Ebenezer Kline,
And drivin' slow; for, jest about a day or two before,
The off-hoss run a splinter in his foot, and made it sore.

You know the railroad cuts across the road at Martin's Hole;
Well, thar I seed a great big sign, raised high upon a pole;
I thought I'd stop and read the thing, and find out what it said,
And so I stopped the hosses on the railroad track, and read.

I ain't no scholar, reckollect, and so I had to spell:
I started kinder cautious like, with R-A-I and L,
And that smelt "rail," as clear as mud: R-O-A-D was "road."
I lumped 'em: "railroad" was the word, and that 'ere much I knowed.

C-R-O and double S, with I-N-G to boot,
Made "crossing" jest as plain as Noah Webster dared ta do't.
"Railroad crossing" — good enough!—L double O-K, "look:"
And I was lookin' all the time, and spellin' like a book.

O-U-T spelt "out" jest right; and there it was, "look out:"
I's kinder cur'us, like, to know jest what 'twas all about:
F-O-R and T-H-E; 'twas then "look out for the:"
And then I tried the next word; it commenced with E-N-G.

I'd got that far, when suddenly there came an awful whack:
A thousand fiery thunderbolts just scooped me off the track;
The hosses went to Davy Jones, the wagon went to smash,
And I was histed seven yards above the tallest ash.

I didn't come to life ag'in fur 'bout a day or two;
But, though I'm cripp'led up a heap, I sorter struggled through;
It ain't the pain, nor 'tain't the loss o' that 'ere team o' mine;
But, stranger, how I'd like to know the rest of that 'ere sign!

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE

By Charles Mackay.

What might be done if men were wise?
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they write in love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another.

All slavery, warfare, lies and wrong,
All vice and crime would die together,
And fruit and corn, to each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow;
Might stand erect in self-respect,
And share the teeming world tomorrow.

What might be done? This might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother,
More than the tongue e'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.

SONGS THAT MOTHER SANG

Author Unknown.

The memory of those simple days my heart will ever keep;
The ballads that my mother sang as she rocked me off to sleep;
An echo of the far-off years I seem to hear them now,
With the little break when she would stop to kiss her baby's brow;
Hazel Dell, Sweet Nell a Gray, and The Cottage by the Sea,
They were among the simple songs that mother sang to me.

The Swanee River sweetly flows along the course of time;
My Old Kentucky Home I hear with simple air and rhyme;
Silver Threads Among the Gold, I recall it with a sigh,
And the tender lulling cadence of 'Sweet By and By;
I ne'er can hear those old-time songs without they bring a pang,
For they are hallowed to my heart—the songs that mother sang.

Perhaps as mother sang them all with me there in her fold
She thought of her boy's dim future—its years so stern and cold.
Perhaps that was the reason she would press me to her breast,
And with a song of pathos sweet would lull me there to rest.
Ah, mother! would that I again a little lad could be,
And listen to those old-time songs you sang so tenderly!

How closely would I nestle in your sheltering embrace;
How I'd watch your love's sweet rapture reflected in your face;
And how I'd fondly listen for the love-note in your tone,
That now I miss so sadly as I wend among men alone;
All that the years have brought me I'd relnquish without sigh,
Just to hear your voice again as you sang some lullaby.

Mother's voice has now been stilled for many a weary year,
But whispering remembrance brings the tones I loved to hear;
Perhaps within her heaven home she's singing yet to me,
And her spirit voice is that which I have thought was memory;
Perhaps in life's dark twilight when I'm sinking through the gloam,
My spirit she may lead to her by singing Home, Sweet Home!

REDWING

Uuthor Unknown.

There once was an Indian maid,
A shy little prairie maid,
Who sang all day a love song gay,
As on the plain she whiled the time away,
She loved a warrior bold,
his shy little maid of old;
But, brave and gay, he roamed one day
To battle far away.

CHORUS.

Now, the moon shines bright on pretty Redwing;
The breezes sighing,
The nightbirds crying;
Far away beneath the stars her love lies bleeding,
While Redwing's weeping her heart away.

She watched for him day and night,
She kept all the campfires bright,
And under the sky each night she would lie
And dream about his coming by and by;
But when the braves returned,
The heart of Redwing yearned.
But far, far away, her warrior gay
Fell bravely in the fray.

SOME HOW OR OTHER

Author Unknown.

Life has a burden for every one's shoulder,
None may escape from its trouble or care;
Miss it in youth it will come when we're older,
And fit us as close as the garments we wear.

Sorrow comes into our lives uninvited,
Robbing our hearts of its treasure and song;
Lovers grow cold, our friendships are slighted,
Yet somehow or other we worry along.

Everyday toil is an everyday blessing,
Tho' poverty's cottage and crusts we may share;
Weak is the back on which burdens are pressing,
But stout is the heart that is strengthened by prayer.

Somehow or other our pathway grows brighter,
Just when we mourn there is none to befriend;
Hope in the heart makes the burden seem lighter,
And somehow or other we get to the end.

POEMS REQUESTED

Bonapart's Exile to the Isle of St. Helena is one of the poems requested.

The old song entitled The Boston Tea Party is wanted. One of its lines is this: "There was on old lady lived over the sea, and she was an island queen."

The poem entitled Little Jim, is wanted. It begins:

The cottage was a thatched one,
The outside old and mean.

The old time song, Amanda the Captive, is wanted. It begins: By the side of the mountain where Amanda did sigh.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

To the M. G. R's:—I have been much tempted to ask for admittance to your circle which I so much love, so I will introduce myself and ask for admittance. I am a West Virginian. I live in Preston county. I love my state and the nation to which it belongs. I am a school teacher and have taught for three years in the country schools. I love to be with boys and girls and I love to help and instruct them. I like to teach them how to become useful men and women. I belong to church and of course everyone who loves God wishes to get others to love him, too, so I teach the children to love Him with me. I believe that the Bible should be used in school; that every teacher should be a Christian, and that they should talk to their pupils about their spiritual welfare. They should be taught to think of God as being everyday, and not as some one who exists on Sunday only, or that Sunday is the only day to talk about God. If they are taught this, I am sure we should have a much better set of boys and girls to grace our schools and society. I have strayed a little away from what I expected to say, but I hope I have done no harm.

I live on a farm with my widowed mother, my brother and my grandmother. I have a sister, but she does not stay at home. I am a reader of The Blade and have been for some time. I always read the M. G. R. letters, as I like them very much. It is pleasant to live in the country and hear the beautiful birds sing their beautiful songs. The Bob White seems to be living with us this summer. When I hear him whistle, I always answer by imitating his call: "Bob White!"

I am the happiest when I am seeking to find out and to learn nature's ways.

I would like to invite the members of the M. G. R. to come and see my collection of the different kinds of rocks and stones I have been studying.

Solomon says that we get happiness from wisdom. We cannot get wisdom unless we study, and we certainly have a great opportunity to get wisdom.

If this world does not offer us an opportunity to gain wisdom and happiness life is a burden. So let us open our eyes and see the beautiful world around us. Let us become lovers of nature, of the birds and flowers of the field.

I hope I have not said too much and that I have helped someone. I will not tell just how old I am, but I am old enough to vote and I stand six feet with my shoes off. I shall sign my name.—Happy James of West Virginia.

Dear M. G. Rs.: I have been an enthusiastic reader of The Blade for some time, and, seeing so many young people having such a jolly time talking together, I could not resist the temptation to climb on the merry-go-round for a little ride.

This merry-go-round is much nicer than any I have ever ridden on before, for it goes round all over the United States and there is no blue uniform to say: "Ticket, please." I always like, and am sure you do, too, to know who is doing the talking.

I am a boy, 17 years old; 5 feet 9½ inches tall, weight 136 pounds, and I have a large appetite. I live on a farm in southeastern Ohio and am what is known as a "hayseed," but I am not ashamed of the title.

There are no large cities near here, but several small towns are in the immediate neighborhood.

I walk three miles to school when the weather is good, and ride horseback during the coldest portion of the winter.

So many of the M. G. R.'s love music. Why is it? Because it is one of the greatest arts of mankind. Isn't it a great achievement to be a good musician; to make people listen to your playing; to give them so much pleasure? Isn't it something worth while?

I love music, and when with musicians I know I am in good company. I am sure that I have been riding long enough, so will step off and let someone else have my pony.—Barnsie, from Ohio.

Dear Friends—I am just from the "sticks," the Garden of Eden, away down in the Ozarks on the northern slope. Yes, I'm from Missouri, the land of the big red apple, the mule and the bullfrog. Through my window comes the mellow cadence—"Cher-r-r-um, cher-r-r-um," and the base drum accompaniment from two mules trying to kick out the barn door. Such joyful sounds attend Bert's daily rounds.

Cheer up, my friends, the worst is just now coming. I am a bachelor, as I should be classed that way in some localities I suppose, as I am in the early thirties. Of course, I have the bachelor's song pat. It is "A lass! a lass!" This is just for fun.

I have been reading Ruskin's Sesame and Lilies again. I enjoy it so much. I believe Ruskin is unexcelled in his English literature. Please do not contest this statement till you have carefully studied him. He teaches strength, purity, and thoroughness in all things, and he does this in language unrivaled for lucidity and simplicity. He impresses one as a master; not only a master of English, but master of himself. By all means read Ruskin.

There are a great many of this assembly I should like to know personally. "Egotist," you say? I deny it. Egotism makes a fellow think the world is as badly struck on him as he is struck on himself. That is not my case, however.

I am a teacher, and I love teachers and everyone else who is pleasant. Listen, everybody! I want a name for my new farm home, also suggestions for laying out a lawn and planting shrubbery.—Bert from Missouri.

Dear M. G. R.'s—I am a reader of The Blade, especially of the Household and Young Folks' page, and I feel I cannot keep silent any longer. I like letter writing too well to do that, and there is so much peasure and good cheer in your letters, the temptation to join you is too strong to be resisted.

To Midget, who objected to gossip, I want to say, "Hurrah for you!" I, too, have had some experience with gossipers, and I think as you do, there is no pardon for such people. I suppose it is wrong to do so, but I often think they should not be pardoned. We all have the same chance in this world. They know better, why don't they do better?

It may be you begin to wonder who I am, so I will tell you something of myself. I am a girl nineteen years old. My mother is dead. She died when I was five years of age. I think that explains my circumstances, at least, any of you who are motherless, will understand. There is nothing so pitiful to me as a motherless child.

I have one sister, four years my junior, but we are not together much, as we make or own way. Sometimes I feel lonely and downcast, but when I read such letters as yours, I cheer up and say: "After all, life is not so bitter but a smile can make it sweet."

I am proud of one thing, and to an extent, it makes me happy to know I am from the state of Hoosierdom. Now do not be offended. I am not slurring anyone's home, I am just saying, "There is no place like home." I left Indiana once, but I do not think I can ever leave it again. I was too anxious to get back. Indiana is not so pretty, but Oh, it's so nice!

Well, I think you are all tired—so am I, although this is Sunday, but I have already written enough for my first appearance, so good-bye, and if my eyes behold this in print, I may come to see you some more.—Brown Eyes, Indiana.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Affairs in the M. G. R. are in a prosperous condition. Our readers are reaping profit from our stock of letters, and our stock is constantly improving. Keep it up.

Dont' forget to pass on a kind word and a smile of good cheer everyday of your lives. Some one is sure to hand back the same to you. They are good things to keep floating around the country.

Be yourself when you write. Don't try to put on airs.

Be a Blade Booster. We shall always try to give value received.

Write Household Editor somewhere on the envelope when you write to this page.

This is all for today.—Elizabeth.

PEANUT BRITTLE

Two cups sugar and one cup peanuts. Break the peanuts in pieces and put them in a layer on the bottom of a buttered pan. Put the sugar in a saucepan and heat it until it becomes a brown syrup, stirring it constantly. Pour it over the peanuts and cut in squares.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

ANOTHER HAPPY FAMILY

I have been an interested reader of The Blade for nearly a year, and think it about right. I enjoy the letters on the household page and now come to ask assistance through its columns. Can any reader tell me how and what to use to set the color in new goods, especially calico and gingham?

How many of the ladies ever piece quilts? I am very fond of doing this, and wish we could have a design shown every week on our page.

I am a stranger in a new country and often get lonesome, in spite of the five little children for company. My impression of our new home is trees, hills and work, but I am beginning to like the first and always did enjoy the last, so we are going to be satisfied, and that helps some. We are another happy family, so please add us to the long list of The Blade's happy homes. Everybody works, everybody gets "dead tired," but a play spell after supper with the little folks, and an hour's reading or planning, sends us all to rest, feeling world's better.

Best wishes to all.—Happy Home, Kithenney, Minn.

EGG BUTTER

I should like to come in and tell the sisters a recipe that is good when butter is scarce. It is called, egg butter. Beat three eggs and three teaspoonfuls of flour and a half teaspoon of salt in a bowl. Stir till smooth, then pour in a pint of sweet milk. Have a hot frying pan ready, in which are a spoonful or two of meat fryings or butter. I use beef suet if I have nothing else. Stir constantly and cook until it is thick. I prefer this to butter.

This is the first time I have tried to open the door to the Corner. I like to read the letters in the dear, old Blade, and if I see this in print I shall come again. I am an old reader of the letters and feel that I cannot do without the paper. I love to read the poetry, too. I enjoyed the letter from Happy from Indiana.

I say if we do right and make others happy, and obey our dear Saviour's word, we shall be happy. An Old Reader, Macomb, Illinois.

LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING

As we live in the mountains of North Carolina and I have not seen a letter from here, I thought I would write. The climate is very hot through the day and pleasant at night. We had a splendid season for crops and gardens. We have not had very much fruit this year, but, there was enough for home use. I am a farmer's wife and enjoy outdoor life, working in the garden among the vegetables and flowers.

I like the woman of Ohio who is 79 years old. While being old herself, has a young heart and thoughts for the sad ones around her. I think we should all be like her; look for the silver lining of every dark cloud. If we have trouble ourselves, we should not make others unhappy by discussing our trials. Let our faces be like the morning, ever bright. While I have a kind husband and six children and a happy home to care for I have no time for idle complaining.—L. A. G., North Carolina.

A NEW MEMBER

We live in the northwestern part of Pennsylvania on a small farm. My husband works in a mine and we are always glad to see him come home safe at night. We have been married nine years and have six children; two boys and four girls. Our baby is only three months old and we all think her the "dearest ever was." I have had many a restless night in raising a family, but one sweet smile from baby in the morning and I feel paid for it all. We raise all our own vegetables, and have a large patch of strawberries besides. In the past season we harvested over 30 bushels. I do all my own work besides having the biggest part of the berries to manage. We have pickers and it is lots of work getting the berries ready for market.

I wish some of the readers of the C. C. could come and visit me in strawberry season. I hope I have not worn out your patience while reading this, and if I see it in print I shall call again. I will sign the name my husband calls me.—Mamma Dear, Pennsylvania.

SOME PECULIAR NAMES

I will begin by mentioning some names I have known, which, when put together, warrant being called peculiar. I will begin with Ketcham, Kilham and Skinner, the "h" being silent in the first two names, makes them seem the more ferocious. Now these three men lived in the same locality in northern New York. They were thrifty farmers and were much respected.

I am reminded of Mr. Savage, who unlike his name, was a pleasant, fine-mannered gentleman. He was a young physician, and popular. I noticed in a daily newspaper, only yesterday, the name of Bishop Hoss of the M. E. church. I thought of David Harum at once.

In point of color something might be said. The hamlet must be small that has not its full quota of Brown, Green and Gray, but to brighten up these modest colors we have to look to Canada. In a northern New York paper we noticed that Mr. Yellow had either gone, or returned from some place, and that Mr. Purple had done the same. I call this a vivid streak of coloring do you not.

I might mention a few who are namesakes of the finny tribe, beginning with the "big fish" of New York—Hamilton Fish. Then there are Salmons galore, and even Eels and Oysters abound in Wisconsin, for I have seen 'em.

Now I will give you the names of three men living in Beaver Falls, N. Y., which, for boisterousness, so far as sound goes, are unequalled. They are Holler, Bellar and Rohr. These names surely are misnomers, for they are in every way good and desirable citizens, so I will close this effusion, by inquiring, "What's in a name?"—Aunt Rhode, Washington.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

If anyone has any suggestions to make regarding Christmas, in the way of gifts, now is the time to be making them. I have one suggestion, and it is this: Don't darken Christmas for yourself and for those you love, by being unhappy about what you cannot do or give. Give what you can with a happy heart, if it is nothing more than to say "I wish you a merry Christmas," or "I love you."—Elizabeth.

Thursday evening, October 17, we had the first snowfall of the season in Toledo. It was not enough to get up much excitement. At the present time of writing, the weather is "sorty crimpy" around the edges.

All the time, good letters are coming in. I like to hear from everyone. The letters help me to know the people I am working with. Much obliged.

Some things you have to remember: Sign your real name to your letter; keep the good cheer work a-going in your letters and at home and abroad; keep up your subscription to The Blade—we are going to be better than ever—and write Household Editor somewhere on the envelope when you write to this page. This is all for today.—Elizabeth.

THE FAR NORTHWEST

Part Two.

WE took first-class passage to Cordova, Alaska, and were 13 days making the journey, owing to stormy weather. This caused several stops on the way. I became seasick the second day out, and was sick the rest of the time. Oh, you who have never been seasick, have no idea of this misery. I felt as though I would be glad to die. It is the sickest sickness one can think of, but I survived and was happy to once more find myself on the solid earth. The moment I landed there, I hustled for something to eat, as I had not been able to retain anything in my stomach during the voyage, and was hungry as a bear.

I landed with two dollars in my pocket, but found work at once. Everything was covered with snow and ice. I went to the office of a contractor who was building a railroad called the Copper River and N. W. railroad, to the Bonanza mine. They are copper mines. Canned goods and fresh meat were the fare at the hotel where I stopped. To reach the place where I was to work, required a journey of 49 miles by rail and six more miles by foot. I lost my hat and tied my handkerchief over my head. I almost froze my hands, but I reached there at last and went to work as a table waiter in a camp. The camps are tents, but they are warm when there is a good, big, hot stove in them.

The wind in that country is something fearful, often blowing 80 miles an hour and it blows nearly all the time. I staved two months in this place, then I fell out with the clerk and went back to Cordova, where I was without work for a whole month. My money ran out, and had it not been for the kind-hearted landlord who trusted me, I should have starved to death. I will just say here that anyone going to Alaska should have a good supply of cash, or he may see hard times. There were a great many others in my fix, too, at that time.

At last I found a job and went out again on the railroad as second cook in a camp of 300 men. These men work in winter, shoveling snow off the road as far as it is built. If it is allowed to accumulate all winter it takes all summer for it to thaw out enough to enable the work to proceed, and the summers are very short.

Our force in the cooking tent was two cooks, one baker, nine waiters and two dishwashers. Let me tell you how we made pancakes, or hot cakes, as we called them there. It takes "lots" to feed 300 men. We had a barrel to mix them in, and always left some batter to get sour between "mixings." In the morning we threw in the barrel two packages of soda, one sack of flour holding 50 pounds, two or three good handfuls of salt, and water enough to mix the whole to the consistency of batter. This, with the sour dough already in the barrel we stirred with a paddle resembling a boat oar. We always had a few hundred baked ahead by the time breakfast was served. Besides hot cakes we had potatoes, hot rolls, oat meal mush, doughnuts, cake, 12 fried hams and 12 sides of bacon. Breakfast had to be served at 5:30 a. m., and supper at 6:30 p. m. At noon we had oysters, potatoes, canned goods and macaroni and cheese.

The weather is terribly cold — 86 below zero on the Yukon. Women are obliged to wear trousers in order to keep from freezing. One lady tried to travel in skirts, and froze her lower limbs so badly that she died soon after reaching the town. I knew of eight persons being frozen to death in the past winter.

One of the great discomforts of life in the camps is the busy little insect called by some graybacks. We cooks had free access to hot water, however, and cooked our clothing as well as food.

There are people in Alaska from every nation under the sun, I believe. One would scarcely think of finding Turks, Montenegrins, Japanese and Chinese in that region of ice and snow, but every country on earth is represented there, even South America. There are fewer Americans than any other nationality.

In the sleeping tents the bunks are built one above another, in tiers of three. Every man has to furnish his own bedding. The timber is mostly evergreen, with some cottonwood and alder. The country is all mountains. The mail came to camp every eight days. The Holy Cross Mission is 600 miles from the coast. It is a Russian mission to the Eskimos. In my next, and concluding letter, I shall tell you about the dogs and my trip home.—Nelson Edgar Hartung.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Dear Blade—I am a girl, 9 years old, and I live at Fostoria. I am visiting my grandma in Lawrenceville, Illinois. I have been here seven weeks. My little brother, Virgil, has got the fever and he will be able to return home Friday. Papa and mamma came to see him when he was sick. We had a fine time.

My grandma has three pet dogs. One's dog's name is Queen, the other Jack, and one Prince. They are bird dogs. She has a fine flock of chickens and I gather the eggs. I go to school and I am in the third grade. As this is my first letter, perhaps I will come again, if I see this in print. I will sign my full name—Bernice May Good, Illinois.

P. S. I will send you a postal with our picture. I would like to see it in print.

Bernice—Thank you for the postal. It will not make a good newspaper picture, so I cannot print it. You and your brother look as if you were having a happy time.—Elizabeth.

Dear Blade:—I am a girl eleven years old and I enjoy reading the children's letters. I am in the fourth grade, and I live on a farm. There is a grove on it of thirty acres and it is called Lim Grove. There is a hall on it and there was about four or five thousand people there. Governor Judson Harmon was expected to be there, but on account of the street car strike in Columbus, he was unable to be present. Each year the farmers hold a picnic in this grove. I have no sisters, but I have a brother. As this is my first letter, I will close.—Eva Smith, Winterset, Ohio.

Dear Boys and Girls:—My papa takes the Blade and I always read the children's letters and then the older folks' letters, and I enjoy every one of them. Last week our paper did not come, and I was much disappointed. I like to read the Poets' Corner and I am saving the poems for my scrap book.

I am a little girl, nine years old, and I have four brothers. I have almost two miles to go to school. My teacher's name is Miss Bernice Garner. I love to go to school. I am in the fourth grade. I live in western Kansas. There are lots of rattle snakes here. Yesterday, papa killed fourteen, one old one and thirteen little ones. We are never allowed to go out on the prairie without our shoes on. Now I think I will close my letter for this time, as I have written once before and it was not printed. Mamma said she guessed I wrote too long a one, so if I see this in print, I may come again. I will sign my own name.—Mildred Smith, Scott City, Kansas.

This Home-Made Cough Syrup Will Surprise You.

Stops Even Whooping Cough Quickly. A Family Supply at Small Cost.

Here is a home-made remedy that takes hold of a cough instantly and will usually cure the most stubborn case in 24 hours. This recipe makes a pint—enough for a whole family. You couldn't buy as much or as good ready-made cough syrup for $2.50.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with ½ pint of warm water, and stir 2 minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle, and add the Sugar Syrup. This keeps perfectly and has pleasant taste—children like it. Braces up the appetite and is slightly laxative, which helps end a cough.

You probably know the medical value of pine in treating asthma, bronchitis, and other throat troubles, sore lungs, etc. There is nothing better. Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in guaiacol and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

The prompt results from this inexpensive remedy have made friends for it in thousands of homes in the United States and Canada, which explains why the plan has been imitated often, but never successfully.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., 242 Main st., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

FREE! "A YARD OF ROSES" FREE!

"Yard of Roses" is conceded by everybody to be one of the grandest flower pictures offered this year; one yard long, on heavy copper-plate paper, in ten beautiful colors, making it so true to nature that you can easily imagine you are looking at the real flowers; over 300,000 sold in last 30 days; a handsome ornament for any home that you will always be proud of. To introduce our splendid family magazine and story paper, which already has a half million readers, we mail this grand work of art all charges paid to anyone who sends 4 cents to pay postage. We will also send you our special club plan for securing other copies of latest and choicest art reproductions without cost. Send at once before the supply of free pictures is exhausted. Address ART PICTURE CLUB, 803 JACKSON STREET, TOPEKA, KANSAS.

Christmas Post Cards Free

A Big Package Sent to All Our Readers Who Write at Once.

To any reader of this paper who writes immediately and incloses 2 cents stamps we will mail a set of five most beautiful post cards you ever saw. Very finest Floral, Birthday and Christmas cards, all different, in exquisite colors, beautifully embossed in gold. With each order we include full particulars of our big surprise of 50 choice cards free. Address The Art Post Card Club, 702 Jackson St., Topeka, Kas.

AFTER SUFFERING ONE YEAR

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Milwaukee, Wis. — "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me a well woman and I would like to tell the whole world of it. I suffered from female trouble and fearful pains in my back. I had the best doctors and they all decided that I had a tumor in addition to my female trouble, and advised an operation. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me a well woman and I have no more backache. I hope I can help others by telling them what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me." — Mrs. Emma Imse, 833 First St., Milwaukee, Wis.

The above is only one of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which prove beyond a doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, actually does cure these obstinate diseases of women after all other means have failed, and that every such suffering woman owes it to herself to at least give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation, or giving up hope of recovery.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health and her advice is free.

$1 Worth of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Treatment FREE

It is a positive remedy for all Stomach and Liver Trouble, Gastritis, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Pressure of Gas around the Heart, Sour Stomach, Distress After Eating, Nervousness, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Constipation, Yellow Jaundice, Sick Headache and Gall Stones.

The above ailments are mainly caused by the clogging of the intestinal tract with GALL STONES, backing up poisonous fluids into the stomach, and otherwise deranging the digestive system. I want every sufferer of any of these diseases to test this wonderful treatment. You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you will feel its great benefits—only one dose is usually required. I say emphatically it is a positive, permanent remedy and I will prove it to you if you will allow me to. I will send the complete $1.00 treatment to sufferers absolutely FREE so you can try it in your own home at my expense.

The most eminent specialists declare that 75 per cent of the people who suffer from Stomach Trouble are suffering from GALL STONES. I firmly believe that this remedy is the only one in the world that will cure this disease. Sufferers of Stomach trouble and GALL STONES should not hesitate a moment, but send for this FREE treatment at once. I would be pleased to send you the names of people who state they have been cured of various Stomach ailments and speaking the highest praise of this medicine. Just fill out the Coupon below—let me send you this wonderful treatment together with highly interesting literature, testimonial, etc. Don't suffer with agonizing pains—don't permit a dangerous surgical operation, which gives only temporary relief, when this medicine will permanently help you.

GEORGE H. MAYR, Mfg. Chemist,
40 Dearborn St., Chicago.

References:—Mercantile Agencies or State Bank of Chicago

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Send me absolutely FREE, $1.00 treatment of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy.

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Express Office.....14

You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you feel its great benefits. One dose is all that is necessary to prove its wonderful powers to benefit.

Absolutely harmless. Guaranteed by the Pure Food and Drug Act Serial No. 25793

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BIEL'S NERVE TABLETS act on the Vital Organs. Generate Vital Warmth and Nerve Force. Make you feel Strong, Vigorous, full of Nature's VIM and equal to the Duties and Pleasures of Life. If you with Lost Vitality, are Nervous, Weak, Worn out, th Strength, Energy, Ambition, Weakness or Pain in ck, side or shoulder, Feel Despondent, Restless, have Nightmare, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Pain in Kidneys ver, are Thin, Weak, Run Down; try BIEL'S NERVE LETS. Let us send you a full month's treatment on . When you are satisfied that they bring back Health make life worth living, then pay us $1. Send name and ess and we will mail you a DOLLAR BOX AT ONCE

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PANTS $2.50 up SUITS $9.00 up Prepaid

Every garment made to measure in latest city style—fit and workmanship guaranteed. One hustling agent wanted in every town. Exclusive territory. Write for agent's outfit—FREE.

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They mend all leaks instantly without heat, solder, cement or rivets in graniteware, aluminum, hot water bags, all cooking utensils, etc. Wonderful invention. Indispensable necessity in every home.

Miller, a Wisconsin schoolboy, sold four the-ment outfits after school, making $720.00 profit. Another made 52 sales in 54 calls. We start you in permanent business. Steady income. No capital required. Sample pkg., 10c. Complete pkg., assorted sizes, 25c, postpaid. Don't delay. Write at once.

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and other drug habits are successfully treated by the OPIUMA. For hypodermic or internal use. Free sample sent to any drug habitue by mail, in plain wrapper. Regular price $2.00.

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We positively give FREE A STEM WIND, STEM SET, BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED, Plated WATCH, equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch, American made, guaranteed 5 years and a beautiful Ring set with an Im. Diamond, for selling only 20 packages of beautiful high grade art post cards at 10c a package. Order 20 packages, and when sold, send us $2, and we will positively send you the Watch and Ring. WELLS MFG. CO., DEPT. 1125 CHICAGO

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DESIGNS ARE ALL DIFFERENT

Beautifully reproduced in rich live colors. The 25 All Different designs include Thanksgiving, Pumpkins, etc. Just to introduce our Illustrated Wholesale Catalog of Holiday and other cards we will send these 25 handsome cards and our Post Card Album plan postage paid for only 10 cents.

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I have just bought five million Christmas Post cards, the very latest 1911 designs, Christmas Bells, Santa Clauses, Holly, Wreaths, Scenes, Stockings, Chimneys, Little Boys and Girls, Mottoes, Greetings, etc. All kinds of Christmas designs, most artistically reproduced in their natural colors and in the most pleasing way possible on the finest coated card board. Send me only two cent stamps for postage and wrapping and I will send you a set of the most beautiful Christmas souvenir post cards. Don't wait until the last minute because I want to tell you about my BIG CHRISTMAS SURPRISE that I have for everyone who writes me and sends me two cent stamps. Do you want to know the secret of the BIG CHRISTMAS SURPRISE? Then write T. Meredith, Box 234 DesMoines, Iowa

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If you have ulcers, mucous patches in the mouth, sore throat, pimples, copper colored spots on your body, falling hair, swollen glands, pains in the bones, or severe unaccountable headaches, our special treatment will cure you. Our DR. PANTER, former chief physician of the Original Cook Remedy Co., treated over 22,000 cases of that company in the fifteen years ending May 1st, 1904, the date that company discontinued taking cases to treat. DON'T BE MISLED with offers of Electricity, Dieting, that stimulate the system for a short time. RELIABLE CURES ARE NOT FREE. Our treatment has stood the test for 25 years and have never been compelled to offer *free treatments* to procure business. Booklet on Blood Poison, testimonials and full information about your case, FREE. Write

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RHEUMATISM and Neuralgia cured by Nature's Remedy. Free booklet. Address J. W. Lipscomb, M. D., 3203 T, W. Jackson st., Chicago, Ill.

BRITISHER SPEED KING

Grahame-White Is Leader in Dizzy Aeroplane Cup Race.

BULLETIN.

Belmont Park, N. Y., Oct. 29.—Graham-White, the English aviator, today won the Gordon-Bennett international speed trophy. Moissant, the last American left in the contest to defend the cup, was blown out of his course in the home stretch and landed with only six laps to his credit. Drexel quit with seven laps.

Belmont Park, Oct. 29.—Claude Graham-White, the English aviator, stood in good chance today to capture the Gordon Bennett international speed trophy and take it out of American hands.

The pick of the French challengers and American defenders are in the hospital, and the fastest time for the course is Grahame-White's by a large margin.

Brookins, of the Wright team, lost control of his machine 200 feet up and shot to earth, whistling, end over end, at terrific speed. His machine is a total wreck and the Wrights are out of the contest for good.

Leblanc Cuts Machine in Two.

Leblanc, the champion of the French team, was tossed from his course in a gust of wind, cut his machine in two against a telegraph pole and was hurled to the ground. Both Brookins and Leblanc were rushed to the field hospital and as assuring statement as to their condition was given out by the management.

Latham, in his 100-horsepower Antoinette, got such a fright when the wind almost blew him into the crowd that he quit precipitately in the fifteenth round. The tips of his great wings came not 10 feet from the heads of the crowd which lined the turn into the far stretch. As the furiously driving, bucking aeroplane darted toward them, a cry of horror went up, men and and women buowed down into the bodies of the automobiles in which they had been sitting muffled in furs.

Brookins Lands With Crash.

Brookins banged down in front of the grand stand with a crash that could be heard half a mile away.

As his biplane shot downward the tail lifted higher and higher in the air until finally it swept around in a full half circle and banged bottom upward on the turf. The crowd feared most that Brookins had been pinned underneath his engine, but it was soon seen that the motor had clung to its bed, for the propeller was still churning furiously around and around, digging up bits of turf and earth, which flew about the wreck in a shower.

Brookins wormed his way out from under the collapsed framework and staggered for about 20 feet, holding his head in his hands as if in terrible pain. Then he tottered and fell. An auto was driven to his side. He was picked up and rushed to the field hospital.

There it was said later that he had no broken bones and so far as could be learned no internal injuries. His worst hurt is in the groin. Although he suffers much he is in no danger

Leblanc has three ugly scratches across his face and on the side of his head, but aside from bruises he is not otherwise injured, and is able to hobble about. So great was Leblanc's speed, driven by his 14-cylinder 100-horse-power motor, that when he struck he not only cut his planes in two, but snapped off the telegraph pole as if it had been a tooth-pick.

Goes Up 8,471 Feet.

New York, Oct. 29.—The crowd at Belmont Park yesterday was all for Ralph Johnstone when from Middle Island village, Long Island, fifty-five miles off the course, he brought back a new American record of 8,471 feet for altitude, the second he had added to his string in the international aviation meet.

Drexel had held the altitude record with 7,305 feet.

How Wonderful Is Love.

How wonderful is love!
More wonderful, I wis,
Than cherry blossoms are when spring's first kiss
Warms the chill breast of earth,
And gives new birth
To beauty! High above
All miracles—the miracle of love,
Which by its own glad and triumphant power
Brings life to flower!
Oh, love is wonderful!
More wonderful than is the dew-fed rose
Whose petals half unclose
In gladness of the light,
When first the dawn comes robed in vesture cool
Of fragrant, shimmering white!—
More wonderful and strange
Than moonrise, which doth change
Dullness to glory—
Yea, with a touch transforms the mountain hoary,
And fills the darkling rills with living silver bright!

Not music when it wings
From the far azure where the skylark sings
Is wonderful as love!—
Not music when it wells
From the enchanted fairy-haunted dells
Where, shrined mid thorn and vine—
An ecstacy apart,
Drawn from the life-blood of a yearning heart—
The nightingale pours forth forever
The rapture and the pain that nought can sever,
Of love which mortal is, yet knows itself divine!

—Florence Earle Coates, in Harper's Magazine.

DISPUTES LARGE GAIN BY FARMERS

Expert Refutes Railroads' Basis of Plea at Rate Hearing.

Chicago, Oct. 27.—"Iowa is prosperous in agriculture because of the labor of the farmer's children" was the burden of the testimony given today before the interstate commerce commission by Henry F. Wallace, editor and farmer of Des Moines, in the hearing of the proposed freight rate advance. Drawing a picture of the Iowa farmer clad in cheap clothes and owning an automobile and aided by the labor of his offspring, Mr. Wallace detailed statistics of the grain crops of the state, concluding by showing an apparent loss of about $300 per year to the renter of a 160 acre Iowa farm. The apparent loss, the witness explained was overcome by the labor of the farm boys who take the place of a hired man as soon as they are 14 years old.

On cross examination he admitted that he had taken no account of the live stock, cattle, horses, sheep and hogs, nor of milk nor eggs in his tabulation of the return on Iowa farm lands.

Mr. Wallace entered into a detailed statement of the value of crops and land, and the cost of farm labor in 1907-08-09.

Doesn't Hire Labor.

"The statistics show," he stated, "that in 1907 the average renter of a quarter section lost $393. In 1908 he lost $290, and in 1909 he lost $305. It is only by denying himself all luxuries that the farmer has been able to make a fair living. The apparent loss shown is overcome by the farmer not hiring the labor, but getting the work done by his children. The average farm boy of 14 years is considered a full-fledged field and stock hand."

Witness said that the prosperity usually ascribed to the farmer is an error. Statistics, he said, showed that the small farmer is being frozen out, while there is a large increase in the land contained in big agricultural states, with their managers, superintendents and systematized labor.

Commissioner Lane said:

"We have heard much about Iowa farmers buying automobiles. Is there a large number of them and does that show that the farmer has prospered?"

Autos for Utility.

"Well," replied Mr. Wallace, "I do not know how many automobiles are owned by farmers, but undoubtedly there are a large number and the fact does show prosperity. The farmer has been able to buy them because he and his boys work together on the farm, instead of hiring labor. And then, an automobile is less of a luxury to the farmer than to the city man. The tiller of the soil uses it in his business to advantage."

Witness, for purposes of illustration, divided the state of Iowa into 160 acre farms and rented them, the landlord to receive the usual share rent of two-fifths of the returns from operation. On this basis, in 1907, Mr. Wallace said that the landlord would receive a total income of $121,366,400 and, deducting taxes, a net income of $110,609,952. He placed the total value of the farms at $2,115,494,000, making the landlord's income 5.16 per cent in 1907 and 5.07 per cent in 1908. The renter would be loser, according to the witness. He placed the renter's gross income at $177,049,600 and his expenses, including equipment, horses, labor, etc., at $251,159,070, showing a loss of $74,190,470. On this basis the average loss on each farm in 1907 was $393, he said; $290 in 1908, and $305 in 1909.

Large Loss in Fertility.

Discussing impoverishment of the soil, Mr. Wallace said that the fertility loss of a 160-acre farm is $467 a year.

"The grain raised and sold in Iowa is actually selling the state piecemeal and cannot continue, indefinitely," said the witness.

"The land will be exhausted in time just as a coal vein is exhausted."

The exodus of young men from the farms was partly due to their desire to secure cheap lands in other sections of the country and to wait for them to increase in value, as their fathers did before them, Mr. Wallace said.

A FINGER FOR EACH TRIAL

Farmer Finally Quits Buzz Saw After Five Encounters.

Cadillac, Mich., Oct. 31.—Three attempts to operate a circular saw cost Louis Fresner, a farmer, living near here, five fingers. At least one digit was sacrificed in each attempt. The thumb was the first taken off by the saw. After getting the injury dressed, Fresner began sawing more wood and a finger was nipped off.

This wound dressed, he returned to work and the remaining three fingers were amputated in the same manner that he lost the first two.

He did not try a fourth time.

WOULD BRING OUT HOARDS

Washington, Oct. 31.—Citizens of Napoleon, O., petition the postmaster general for the establishment of a postal savings bank there. The petition is signed by the mayor and 316 citizens.

It explains that a postal bank would get savings which have been hidden in cellars since late bank failures.

NEVADA TAKES A HOLIDAY

Carson City, Nev., Oct. 31.—Admission day, the 46th anniversary of the admission of Nevada to the union, was observed as a legal holiday throughout the state today. The banks, courts and public institutions were closed and the school children were given a holiday.

BABY'S PITIFUL CASE

"Our baby when two months old was suffering with terrible eczema from head to foot, all over her body. The baby looked just like a skinned rabbit. We were unable to put clothes on her. At first it seemed to be a few mattered pimples. They would break the skin and peel off leaving the underneath skin red as though it were scalds. Then a few more pimples would appear and spread all over the body leaving the baby all raw without skin from head to foot. But on top of her head there appeared a heavy scab a quarter of an inch thick. It was awful to see so small a baby look as she did. Imagine! The doctor was afraid to put his hands to the child. We tried several doctors' remedies but all failed. Then we decided to try Cuticura. After three days you could see the body gaining a little skin. Now the baby is four months old. She is a fine picture of a fat little baby and all is well. We used Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent. Mrs. Joseph Kossmann, 7 St. John's Place, Ridgewood Heights, L. I., N. Y., Apr. 30 and May 4, 1909."

70 ARE KILLED AT SEA

Haitien Gunboat Sinks Following Explosion.

Port au Prince, Haiti, Oct. 26.—The Haitien gunboat Liberte has been lost at sea off Port De Paix following an explosion on board. It is estimated that 70 persons were either killed or drowned. Twenty others were rescued.

News of the accident was received here today.

Generals on Board.

The Liberte sailed from this port on Monday last, having on board 90 persons. So far as known only 20 of these escaped. Among the 70 who were lost were 10 Haitien generals who were on their way to take command of the several divisions of troops in the department of the north.

Details are lacking, the only definite information being as to the loss of life and the fact that an explosion occurred.

HOBBLE IN HIGH COURT

Woman Brings Skirt Before Supreme Court.

Washington, Oct. 29.—The hobble skirt, or what looked like a hobble skirt, yesterday invated the precincts of the United States supreme court, where flowing robes are wornr by the justices and where the lawyers who appear to argue cases generally wear the somber black of the bar.

Of course, hobble skirt wearers have hobbled behind the railing where the public is admitted, because among the visitors to the court room are women dressed in the latest styles. But not until yesterday has a woman barrister, entitled to practice before the highest court in the land, appeared in a dress which suggested the latest fad.

There is no rule of the court, nor has there been since Belva Lockwood opened the way for the admission of women to the bar in 1879, which says that skirts shall not be hobbled.

Appearance Causes Stir.

The person who has precipitated all this discussion is Adelma H. Burd, of New York. When she appeared in the court room and proceeded to take her seat within the inclosure reserved for members of the bar there was a hasty investigation. It did not seem likely that a woman lawyer who had attained the dignity of the right to practice before the supreme court would be so swayed by feminine emotions as to don a skirt that showed tendencies toward the hobble idea.

Some of the court officers, as a matter of fact, were not certain in their own minds that the hobble feature was there. That question has not yet been answered satisfactorily.

MRS. LITTLETON ON STUMP

Wife of Congressional Candidate Boosts Husband.

New York, Oct. 26.—Mrs. Martin W. Littleton, wife of the Democratic candidate for congress in the First district, made a house to house canvass of Flushing, Whitestone and College Point Monday and the Rockaway yesterday in the interest of her husband. She arrived at College Point at noon and went from one to another of the factories there and talked to the men and women, asking them to vote for Mr. Littleton and handing out a little pamphlet which she had written telling of Mr. Littleton's early life and struggles during his boyhood in the west.

Mrs. Littleton's automobile is placarded with pictures of her husband and attracted considerable attention wherever it went. She says that she will visit every town in the First congressional district between now and election day.

SON WAS CONVICT

But Mother Was Kept in Ignorance.

Baltimore, Md., Oct. 31.—Dr. George C. Worthington, who served an eight-year term in the Maryland penitentiary and was released on May 23, 1909, died last week.

Dr. Worthington held a respectable place in the medical profession until indicted for a criminal operation, from which the victim died.

One feature of Dr. Worthington's case aroused much sympathy because of his devotion to his mother. She was an aged woman and never was told of the crime, the trial or the sentence.

When the time came for him to be led away to prison he went to his mother and told her he was going to take a trip to Europe. She received several letters from her son, which he had sent to some friend in Europe to be forwarded. The deception was kept up until she died.

JAILED FOR KISSING GIRL

Man Says She Put Her Lips Up Close to Get Candy.

New York, Oct. 31.—Dominic Impere, who keeps a candy store at 535 Greenwich street, thinks it beyond the powers of mortal man to resist the sight of a pretty face thrust close to his own.

Dominic was accused of assault at the Jefferson Market court Saturday morning. The girl, Mary Durkin, who lives at 517 W. 135th street, says that she had gone into the shop to buy candy. Impere had seized her in his arms and kissed her. The prisoner said that the girl had asked him to give her sweets on credit. He refused, and she, attempting to wheedle him into compliance, had put her lips close up to his. He declared he was unable to resist the temptation. She, however, denied this and said that the act was entirely unprovoked.

Impere was sent to the workhouse for 30 days.

LINE UP FOR LAND ENTRY

Crowd Packs Federal Building to File Claims.

Aberdeen, S. D., Oct. 31.—Occupying every available foot of space in the corridors of the federal building, packed under desks and piled on top of them, more than a hundred eager human beings are waiting today to be as close as possible to the head of the line to enter the land office and make selection of claims on the Standing Rock Indian reservation on Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock.

There are 5,000 claims of 160 acres each to be filed at the drawing.

RED CROSS FOUNDER DEAD

Geneva, Switzerland, Oct. 31.—Henri Dunant, founder of the International Red Cross society, died last night at Heiden, a health resort.

WOMAN'S CHAT IS $6,000 DIVERSION

New Yorker Pays Well to Learn New Get-Rich-Quick Method.

Chicago, Oct. 28.—John Pauly, a wealthy manufacturer of hair goods at No. 749 Broadway, New York, learned of a new trick yesterday in the art of accumulating wealth quickly, at least he says it was new to him. He paid $6,000 for the information.

And now the police are looking for a handsome woman in a fashionable hobble gown and picture hat with willow plumes. It was she, Mr. Pauley avers, who taught him how easily a small fortune may be gathered in a very short time.

Pauly was a guest at the Palmer House. He has been stopping there every few months for the past thirty-five years. He came there on his honeymoon more than a quarter of a century ago. It is like home to him, he says. That being true, he always feels it would be an insult to the house to lock his door. So it was unlocked last evening about 6 o'clock and, in fact, was slightly ajar.

Then entered the woman in the hobble gown and picture hat. She pretended at first to have made a mistake and offered profuse apologies. But she lingered to ascertain definitely whether pardon had been granted for her intrusion.

Just the Wrong Floor.

It was very careless of her not to note that she was on the second floor instead of the third, very careless. Surely, however, the gentleman would excuse her. Such mistakes frequently occurred when one was in a hurry or was thinking of something else.

Mr. Pauly is very chivalrous, he wants it distinctly understood. He sells hair goods and deals almost exclusively with women. His training has been thorough. His visitor became loquacious, strangely so, thought Mr. Pauly. But being a chivalrous gentleman, he didn't speak of the matter to his uninvited guest. She sat down on the bed and conversed gayly on numerous topics. In fact, the two spent a very pleasant half hour chatting about one thing and then another. The woman in the hobble gown and picture hat proved herself a charming conversationalist.

At last she left—rather hurriedly, Mr. Pauly thought afterward—and she had taken with her a wallet containing $6,000 in negotiable paper, but she had left Mr. Pauly money enough to pay his hotel bill, which, of course, was a source of considerable comfort to the chivalrous gentleman.

She Certainly Was Beautiful.

"Now, would you have imagined that pretty woman—oh, she was certainly a beautiful woman—would do a trick like that?" he said. "Which goes to show that there is truth in the old saw about 'teaching old dogs new tricks.' What makes it so hard for me is that I have been stopping at Potter Palmer's house for 35 years.

"I am 68 years old and have grown children. Of course, there was nothing wrong in the woman's visit. I'll admit she became a little too affectionate at times, but she certainly was agreeable. I am always courteous to women, hence I did my best to please my guest."

House Detective J. J. Costello went in search of the beautiful woman, but she had mysteriously disappeared. The Central Station men took up the trail of the woman with the wallet. They are sure they know who she is and that she will have yet another opportunity to apologize to Pauly.

But Pauly stoutly avers he will not grant her pardon. And he will always keep his door locked and he won't spend any more "pleasant half hours" with beautiful women in hobble gowns and picture hats.

AIRMAN WINS A BRIDE

Count de Lesseps to Wed Rich Toronto Girl.

Toronto, Ont., Oct. 27—Society here is discussing with animation the engagement of Count de Lesseps, the famous aviator, to Miss Grace Mackenzie, the beautiful daughter of a Canadian multi-millionaire, William Mackenzie, president of the Canadian Northern railroad, part owner and president of the Toronto street railway and perhaps the most powerful capitalist and promoter in the Dominion of Canada.

Although the engagement has not yet been formerly announced, the entire family being out of the city, relatives of Miss Mackenzie do not hesitate to take the report for granted and look for an early publication of the fact.

De Lesseps came to Toronto last July as the star attraction at the first aviation meet ever held in Toronto. It was given a few miles out of Toronto, the count being a guest at "Benvenuto," the beautiful home of the Mackenzies. During the week he was lionized socially and Miss Mackenzie and he were thrown constantly in each other's company. In this way the romance had its beginning.

MRS. TOM THUMB IS 59

Boston, Mass., Oct. 31.—Mrs. Tom Thumb, who is filling an engagement at a local playhouse, was the recipient of many congratulations today, on the occasion of her 59th birthday. The famous midget recently returned from a European tour and is enjoying excellent health.

TO WELCOME ROYALTY

South Africans Will Meet Duke of Connaught.

Cape Town, Oct. 29.—From every part of the Transvaal, the Orange River Colony, Natal and Cape Colony, pilgrims are making their way today to Cape Town to take part in the welcome here on Monday of the Duke of Connaught, who comes to attend the opening of the first parliament of the South African Union.

Preparations which have been under way for months are virtually completed, and when the royal party land from the liner Balmoral Castle, which is conveying them from England, the machinery will be set in motion for what is expected to be the most remarkable demonstration of its kind ever seen in this part of the world.

Immediately after landing the Duke of Connaught will be escorted to City Hall, where he will be officially welcomed by Viscount Gladstone, governor-general of the South African Union, Premier Botha and other leading public men of the country. In the evening there will be a private dinner at Government House.

The week that the royal party will spend in Cape Town will be crowded with notable functions, the chief of which, of course, will be the opening of parliament next Friday. Other functions and ceremonies in which his royal highness will participate will be a grand military review at Green Point Common, the opening of the South African Medical congress, the inauguration of the Selborne dock at Simonstown, and the laying of the foundation stone of University Hall.

After leaving Cape Town the royal party will travel to Bloemfontein by a train which has been specially built for the occasion by the Central South African railway. The Victoria Falls will be reached November 12, and the journey continued to Salisbury and Bulawayo. One of the curious features of the visit to Northern Rhodesia will be the reception of Lewanika, chief of Barotesland, with a parade of Barotse police.

On November 26 the party will reach Pretoria. Practically a week will be spent in the Transvaal capital and Johannesburg. The following week will be spent in Pietermaritzburg and Durban. At Durban the royal visitors will re-embark in the Balmoral Castle for the return journey to England.

RICH WIFE HAS MAN JAILED

Charges He Makes Her Spend Her Own Money.

Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 31.—Mrs. Carrie Ricker, of West Philadelphia, wife of Albert Ricker, who is worth at least a million dollars, has had her husband arrested for non-support.

The couple were married in 1905 and Mrs. Ricker declares her husband has made her spend her own money ever since.

"Not that I care anything about his money," she explained, "but he married me for better or worse and he will have to support me."

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(THIS MAY NOT APPEAR AGAIN.)

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at Slotmachines, Dice, Cards, Faro, Roulette, Spindles, fair games, races, etc., revealed. Get wise. Big illustrated circular free. Ham. B. Co., Box 1620, Hammond, Ind.

GRANT EATS AS SOLDIERS DO

Carries Three Days' Emergency Ration and Consumes One-Third.

Washington, Oct. 30.—During the recent three-day physical tests of army officers, Maj. Gen. Frederick D. Grant, commanding the Department of the East, tried out the new emergency ration. General Grant carried three packages unopened, having used but one on the entire ride.

The general says he suffered no inconvenience whatever and found the ration sufficient in all respects. Outside of the ration, Gen. Grant took hot coffee in the morning, without sugar or milk, cold tea in the same way at noon, and hot water in the evening. One-third of the ration was palatable and sufficient during the 72 hours, and he experienced no ill-effects nor craving for food.

The emergency ration is composed of chocolate liquor, nucleocasein, malted milk, dessicated egg, sugar and cocoa butter. It is put up in neat 8-ounce light blue tin boxes. Each box contains three cakes, one cake being sufficient for a meal.

VETERAN JOKE PRINTER DEAD

London, Oct. 31.—Sir William Agnew, chairman of Bradbury, Agnew & Co., publishers of Punch, died today. He was born in 1825, and was for many years head of the firm of Thos. Agnew & Sons, publishers and art dealers. He was interested in several philanthropic institutions.

STEALS 40,000 HONEY BEES

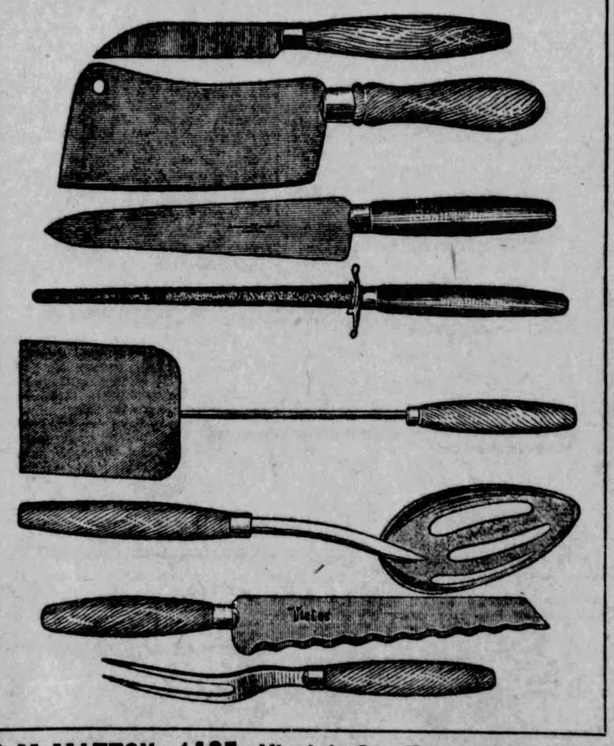
Winsted, Conn., Oct. 31.—Thieves invaded the apiary of W. W. Gardner, of Winsted, and stole, besides 60 pounds of honey, his 40,000 honeybees. The police are looking for a man who is well stung.

Send Me Your Name—Both Presents FREE

TWO VALUABLE PRIZES FREE

We want to give one of these valuable Tea Sets and a useful 8-piece Kitchen Set to every lady reader of this paper ABSOLUTELY FREE!

I invite you to take the beautiful gold decorated Tea Set. Each piece is FULL SIZE and beautifully engraved with a delicate flower intermingled with a most exquisite tracery of gold. And the valuable and useful 8-piece Kitchen Set is the best kitchen outfit ever made. This set consists of one cake turner, one bread knife, one kitchen knife, one cook's fork, one cleaver, one large spoon, one paring knife, one steel. Every article in this set is guaranteed, and no kitchen is complete without this valuable outfit. Every lady reader of this paper who sends me her name and address will have the opportunity of owning both of these valuable presents absolutely and entirely free.



Read Every Word of This Offer!

Read how easy it is to own both of these beautiful and valuable presents. Send me your name and address—but do it today—NOW! Now is the time if you want two of the finest presents ever given away. And on such liberal terms! Both presents are guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction. And either present is well worth the little effort put forth to earn both. You can own the beautiful gold decorated Tea Set and the useful 8-piece Kitchen set for simply interesting 12 of your friends in my special introductory offer. Everyone you call on will gladly take advantage of my exceptional offer.

SEND ME YOUR NAME

Sign the free coupon or send me a postal, or write me a letter, but do this today. I will then send you 12 sets of the finest Art Souvenir Postcards you ever saw. (Each set contains 10 cards.) I want you to give away these 12 sets of postcards in connection with my liberal introductory plan. Your friends will be only too glad to take advantage of my offer. It will be a very easy matter for you to give away the 12 sets of postcards in connection with my 25c special offer. The 12 sets of postcards will be sent you prepaid and when you have disposed of them in connection with my special offer send the $3.00 collected to me and the large, full size Tea Set and the 8-piece Kitchen Set—not one—but both will be shipped to your address immediately. Don't delay, sign the coupon and mail today. Be the first one in your vicinity to take advantage of my generous special offer

Write Today.

FREE COUPON

S. M. MATTOX, Secretary,

1425 Virginia St., Kansas City, Mo.

Send me, charges paid, your 12 packages highly embossed Souvenir Postcards to distribute in connection with your liberal introductory offer. If this distributing is not simple and easy, I agree to return the Postcards. If I do distribute them on your plan, you agree to ship me, at once, the full size Tea Set and the 8-piece Kitchen Set.

Name .....

Town .....

State .....

Street, R. F. D., or Box .....

S. M. MATTOX, 1425 Virginia St., Kansas City, Mo.

Stomach Troubles Vanish Like Magic

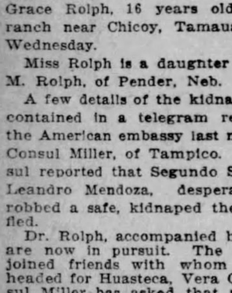
FREE to Every Man or Woman

Would you like to eat all you want to, and what you want to without having distress in your stomach?

Would you like to say **farewell to Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Distress after Eating, Nervousness, Catarrh of the Stomach, Heart Flattering, Sick Headache and Constipation?**

Then send me 10 cents to cover cost of packing and I will mail you absolutely free one of these wonderful Stomach Drafts. They relieve the bowels, remove soreness, strengthen the nerves and muscles of the stomach, and soon make you feel like a new man or woman. Suffer no longer but write today enclosing 10 cents for postage, etc., and get one of these wonderful Stomach Drafts that are celebrated because they **have cured** where medicines alone failed. Write Dr. G. C. Young, 155 National Bank Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

ASTHMA CATARRH CURED



Write me for

50c PACKAGE FREE

If you suffer with Catarrh or Asthma, I want you to try free at my expense my "Home Treatment," which is making so many wonderful cures of chronic and acute cases. I know what it will do and am therefore willing to stand the expense of proving my claims. You know I could not afford this if my remedy did not cure.

No matter what you have tried, don't despair, but send me your name AT ONCE. Other so-called remedies for Catarrh and Asthma only give relief for a few hours or a few days, while the disease steadily grows worse and more difficult to cure permanently. In the foul slimes of Catarrh and Asthma the germs of Consumption breed rapidly and the whole system is impaired and left open to the attacks of dangerous diseases. Horrible suffering results—days are one long torture and nights sleepless agony.

My remedy cleanses the system of all impurities and stop the dripping in the throat, hawking and spitting, foul breath, head noises, loss of taste and smell, hoarseness, watery, eyes, beat the scabs in nose, prevent gasping for breath and sleepless nights.

Write me a letter today and I will mail you FREE in plain wrapper a 50c package and interesting book, which tells the dangers of your disease. Mention your disease. T. Gorham, 1142 Gorham Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.

Watch, Ring and Chain GIVEN

OUR COMMISSION for selling 12 pkgs BLUINE CATARRH CURE at 25c each and giving away 12 stone pins free with each pkg. Send no money—we trust you. Pkgs to be returned. Jelly is a remedy for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Sores, etc. Order 12 pkgs with pictures. When sold send us $3 and we send watch, ring and chain, as you keep your commission. Send no money, but write at once and be the first in your town.

Biel Medical Co. Dept. 1128 Denver, Col.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions **FREE**, sent sealed, in plain wrapper, by mail. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICH.

BANDITS KIDNAP GIRL OF 16

Armed Men Are Pursuing Desperate Mexicans.

Mexico City, Mex., Nov. 1.—Armed men are now in close pursuit of two desperate Mexicans who kidnaped Grace Rolph, 16 years old, from a ranch near Chicoy, Tamaualipas, on Wednesday.

Miss Rolph is a daughter of Dr. B. M. Rolph, of Pender, Neb.

A few details of the kidnaping were contained in a telegram received at the American embassy last night from Consul Miller, of Tampico. The consul reported that Segundo Selero and Leandro Mendoza, desperate men, robbed a safe, kidnaped the girl and fled.

Dr. Rolph, accompanied by friends, are now in pursuit. The kidnapers joined friends with whom they are headed for Huasteca, Vera Cruz. Consul Miller has asked that rurales be sent to aid the pursuers as the situation is serious. He says that a clash is probable.

The fate of the girl is in doubt.

SNEEZE BEATS THE DOCTORS

No Knife Needed to Remove a Bullet.

New York, Nov. 1.—Three surgeons bent over Willie Roth, four and a half years old, as he lay last night on the operating table in Har Moriah hospital. Second street and Avenue C. Willie stared wide eyed at them.

"I have located the bullet right here," said a doctor, touching one side of Willie's nose to indicate the exact position of the leaden pellet.

"Katchoo! Katchoo!" sneezed Willie.

Something dropped on the floor and rolled under the table. A surgeon picked up a bullet and said: "I guess the sneeze performed the operation." Willie was sent to his home at 135 Pitt street.

When the youngster was playing in the street near his home on Saturday afternoon another boy placed a cartridge on the car tracks. A car wheel struck it, there was a report, and Willie fell, screaming with pain. He was carried to the hospital where it was found the bullet had lodged in his nose.

Receipt That Cures Weak Men---FREE

Send Name and Address Today ---You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn out and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and vitality, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

UP ALMOST 10,000 FT.

Johnstone in 'Baby Wright' Breaks World's Record for Altitude.

New York, Nov. 1.—A "baby" Wright roadster, with Ralph Johnstone at the wheel, glided gracefully to earth in the twilight at the close of the international aviation meet at Belmont park last evening with the barograph registering a new world's record for altitude. The little machine of only 35-horsepower had been up 9,714 feet, exceeding by 528 feet the height attained in France on October 1, my Henry Wynmalon, of Holland.

But Johnstone's sky climbing feat was not the only notable incident of the closing day of the meet. Claude Grahame-White, the athletic Britisher who carries away the Gordon Bennett trophy, which takes the next international tournament to England, sharpened the sporting appetite with a challenge to John B. Moisant, of Chicago, for another race from the park around the statue of liberty in New York harbor and return. Moisant, who won $10,000 for his fast flight around the statue yesterday ignored the challenge.

Machine Turns Turtle.

Then Grahame-White, denied another chance for a visit to Miss Liberty, sent a thrill through the spectators, when at the close of a speed race with J. A. D. McCurdy, of the Curtiss team, his propeller snapped, his monoplane dug into the green sward in front of the grand stand, turned turtle and buried the aviator underneath. He was uninjured, and won the race.

Moisant's winning of the $2,000 distance prize offered by the Aero club of America was the other big event of the day. He traveled approximately 87½ miles in two hours. In landing, after winning the event, he smashed his propeller and broke a running wheel, but escaped unscathed.

"I was in a pretty purple haze up there," said Johnstone after he had finished his record flight, "and say, but it was cold. I had a couple of sweaters on, beside my rubber suit and face mask, but then at times I felt as if freezing.

Lost Sight of Earth.

"Several times I lost complete sight of the earth, but when I shot clear of the haze I could see way down below buildings and residences which looked like toy blocks. I have been flying only since June, but it sure was the most satisfactory trip I have ever made."

The Wright Brothers were jubilant at Johnstone's success. It was the first time he had ever flown their tiny roadster and he had set a new mark for aviators of the world. Arch Hoxsey, his friend and rival climber, was one of the first to congratulate Johnstone, enthusiastic and friendly, but inwardly envious and with professional pride piqued.

As the crowds about the judge's stand cheered and cheered the announcement of Johnstone's wonderful air feat, Armstrong Drexel swooped down to earth. He had been battling in the clouds with the Wright pupil, but had attained "only 8,870" feet. Johnstone had easily won the grand altitude event with its $5,000 prize.

The speed race between Grahame-White in a monoplane and McCurdy in a biplane demonstrated the superiority of the monoplane as a racer. They both did ten laps of the course, a distance of about 15.53 miles. Grahame-White's unofficial time was 14:34:12; McCurdy's time was 25:43:04.

STOP TRAIN TO KISS

Women Make Flyer Back Up to the Station.

Minneapolis, Nov. 1.—A matter of tremendous importance delayed the departure of a fast Milwaukee road train for Chicago today. The train had left the station, but backed in again, the matter was so very urgent.

Just as the train began to move, two women, one of them bearing a small parcel, dashed madly toward the gates.

"Is that the Chicago train?" they cried.

"It is," replied a gateman.

"Stop it, oh, stop it," begged the women. "It must be stopped!"

A big crowd of university students was at the station, waiting for the football team to get in. Gallant the young men began to shout:

"Stop the train! Stop the train! Stop the train!"

The conductor came out on the observation car platform. The station was in an uproar and the two women were running desperately toward the train. The conductor hesitated, grabbed the bell rope and yanked it. The train stopped and then began to back into the station slowly. Then a woman also appeared on the observation car platform.

The two women who had caused all the commotion rushed to th ecar. One of them handed up the mysterious parcel to the woman on the train. The passenger hastily unwrapped it, revealing a box of candy. Then she leaned down and kissed both the other women good-by.

FARM HAND PROVES A GIRL

Doctor Discovers Deception by 'Boy' Who Courted Maidens.

Middleport, N. Y., Nov. 1.—Fallin~ from an apple tree and injur ng "his" back, "James Dean," who had been employed as a farm laborer by B. M. Bell, of Alabama township, was forced to admit that "he" was a girl and had been masquerading since last May.

Dean, or Miss Olive Meeker, as her name really is, left her home, which she made with her married sister at East Syracuse, early in May, and during the summer months was employed at the assembly grounds at Chautauqua as a "boy" waiter.

Leaving there at the close of the season, she hired out to Mr. Bell about the first of September and with five other hired men had done her share of the apple picking. No one suspected that she was a woman.

The physician who was called to attend her when she fell from an apple tree discovered her secret and told Mr. Bell. Then the whole story came out.

While posing as a boy at the farm of the Bells she was nicknamed "Handsome Jimmy" and was quite a favorite with the girls of that section, paying attention to one for some time, and even taking her to dances. Being slim, tall, fair, with auburn hair closely clipped, Miss Meeker made all the boys and girls "sit up and take notice."

KILLS 1,500 CARIBOU IN WEEK

Family Butchers Animals in Alaska, Says Prince.

Seattle, Wash., Nov. 1.—Prince N. D. Chika, of Roumania, who returned yesterday from a hunting expedition in Alaska, says that caribou are slaughtered ruthlessly by natives. Recently a single family of natives on Keenai peninsula butchered 1,500 caribou in one week for the hides.

Capt. C. E. Radcliffe, an English hunter, reports that, under the United States game laws, moose are increasing on Kenai peninsula.

NO PLURAL MARRIAGES

Mormons Get Order From Head of Church.

Salt Lake, Utah, Nov. 1.—Officials of the Mormon church have issued definite orders that polygamous marriages must cease. Francis M Lyman, president of the quorum of the 12 apostles, who is next in succession to the presidency of Joseph F. Smith, warned all Mormons that any violation of this order would subject the actor to the wrath of the church.

"In giving the manifesto to the church," he said, "President Wilford Woodruff presented the will of God. It was as binding on the church as any written revelation and we are bound by it. It is as if God had said it himself. Some of our brethren who were not satisfied with the manifesto have gone outside and over the law, and they have offended God in doing so.

Order Law of Church.

"In the manifesto President Woodruff notified the saints that they need not go into the celestial marriage any longer; but on the sixth day of April, 1904, that notification was made the law of the church. It was prohibitory.

"There is not a man on earth today possessing the authority to perform plural marriages. We want every one of you to clearly understand this, the sisters particularly. Plural marriages are unrighteous and unlawful now. We doubted the constitutionality of the laws; but they have been tested and sustained in the courts and we must obey them.

"What reason God had for taking from earth this principle of plural marriage I am not prepared to say. In ancient days he gave it to his servants and then took it away again. Nevertheless it is the true order of marriage. It has been so from the beginning and will be so throughout all eternity.

Urges Women to Beware.

"We don't want our women deceived and cheated any longer as they have been. No man has the authority to marry another to a plural wife. We want mothers to acquaint their daughters with this fact and some others of you to tell the widows about it. Some of the brethren have done a lot of mischief in this line.

"Some men and women have gone into the fashion of having visions and dreams about this, but let me assure you that all such manifestations come from the devil, for when God wants to speak to his people here he will do it through Joseph F. Smith."

RECORD RIDE ON MOTORCYCLE

Crossing Continent, Davis Made Best Time Near Toledo.

San Francisco, Nov. 1.—At the end of a 10,400-mile journey from this city to New York and return on a motorcycle Volney E. Davis, a member of the San Francisco Motor Cycle club, arrived here yesterday after 133 days on the road. He was met 50 miles outside the city by a large delegation of his fellow members, who escorted him to headquarters.

Davis is said to be the first man to make the round trip from coast to coast on a motorcycle. He left this city on February 10, and took the southern route, passing through the northern part of Mexico and arriving in New York in 126 days over a 6,200-mile course.

The trail back led along the "river to river" route, which included a run into Canada. Twenty-six states were traversed. The rider's best mileage for a day's travel was 193 miles, between Toledo, Ohio, and South Bend, Ind.

CABINET IS SPREAD ABOUT

Can't Meet, for Members Are Campaigning.

Washington, Nov. 1.—The lack of a quorum caused the abandonment of the regular Tuesday session of the cabinet today. Three members of President Taft's official family already are out in the campaign, two members are absent from the country, one starts for the Ohio campaign this afternoon, and another goes Thursday.

By Friday, the date for the next meeeting of the cabinet, only Postmaster General Hitchcock and Secretary of the Interior Ballinger are expected to be in the city.

LOVE BY AN AIR ROUTE

Cornell Professor Wins a Bride by Wireless.

New York, Nov. 1.—Behind the announcement today of the engagement of Leslie T. Sutherland and Miss Viola Knapp is the story of a courtship by wireless. Mr. Sutherland is an instructor in Cornell university and was formerly on the football team.

He met Miss Knapp at a football game between Cornell and Princeton. She lives at Stamford, and as his wooing progressed he found the mails too slow. Both he and Miss Knapp had experimented in wireless telegraphy, and it was finally decided to rig up one station at Ithaca and another at her home in Stamford.

The wireless line was a success, and they sent their tender messages burdened with kisses and mutual expressions of affection through the air to their hearts' content. Sutherland is to get the degree of doctor of philosophy soon, and the wedding will take place immediately thereafter.

News of the romantic courtship was given out in Yonkers by Henry Schlobohm, a lawyer and collegemate of Sutherland, who says he received the story in a letter from Sutherland.

WOULD MARRY RICH TYPIST

Many Send Proposals to $100,000 Stenographer.

Springfield, Mass., Nov. 1.—Proposals of marriage are coming thick and fast to Miss Helen Houlihan, the 20-year-old stenographer who has come into possession of $100,000 in her own right through the decision of the Wisconsin Supreme Court in a suit brought to recover valuable mining property sold for a song by the executor of her father's estate. Already she has declined half a dozen proposals received through the mails.

Miss Houlihan has not resigned her position in the office of a local box factory, and says that she does not intend to right away. She lives in cozy rooms, we l with n her salary as a stenographer. She came East several years ago and sing e handed educated and established herself in a position of independence. Though Miss Houlihan will not admit it, her friends stoutly assert that for some time she has been engaged to marry a young man she met in the West a year or two ago.

LEARN BY MAIL or AT COLLEGE

45 Colleges in 18 States.

Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Banking, Penmanship, English, Arithmetic, Business Letter Writing, Com. Law, Civil Service. MONEY BACK if not satisfied on completing Home Study. POSITIONS secured. For FREE "Catalogue A" on Home Study or "B" on college courses, write Draughon's College, Box H 67, Nashville, Tenn.

SAIL SPIC AND SPAN

Sixteen Battleships of Atlantic Squadron Are Going to Europe.

Washington, Nov. 1.—Spick and span in their new dress, the 16 battleships of the Atlantic battle fleet will set out today and tomorrow from Boston. New York, Philadelphia and Hampton Roads for a two months' visiting cruise to French and English ports bordering the English channel.

At a spot in the Atlantic, about 250 miles off the coast, in the latitude of Philadelphia, the four divisions of the fleet will rendezvous on November 3.

This spot is expressed in nautical terms as 69 degrees wast longitude, 40 degrees 20 minutes north latitude. In order to reach the rendezvous at the appointed time, a division left Philadelphia today.

The other ships of the fleet are scheduled to sail tomorrow, the Connecticut and North Dakota, of the first division, from New York; the Louisiana, Kansas, New Hampshire and South Carolina, of the second division, the Delaware, of the first division, and the Georgia, of the third division, from Hampton Roads, and the Nebraska, Rhode Island and Virginia, of the fourth division, and the Michigan, of the first division, from Boston.

Headed by Rear Admiral Schroeder's flagship, the Connecticut, the combined fleet will continue across the Atlantic at a 10-knot speed to the English Channel. The fourth division will be the first to quit the fleet. It is due to arrive at Brest, France on November 15. On the following day the first division will drop anchor in Portland harbor, England, the second at Cherbourg, France, and the third at Gravesend, England.

The four divisions will remain at the ports named until December 8. Then the first division goes from Portland to Cherbourg, the second from Cherbourg to Portland, the third from Gravesend to Brest, and the fourth from Brest to Gravesend. Reassembling on the coast of France on December 30, the fleet will head westward for the winter maneuvers, arriving at Guantanamo, Cuba, on January 16.

GEM OF EVIL IN LIGHT

Famous Hope Diamond, Precursor of Disaster, Reappears in Paris.

Paris, Nov. 1.—The famous Hope diamond, which has brought death or misfortune to every person who has owned it and which was believed to be safe at last at the bottom of the China Sea, has reappeared in Paris. It is now on sale in the window of a jeweler in the Rue de la Paix, but its evil reputation has affected its price. Lord Francis Hope so'd it for $148,000, but it can be bought now for less than $100,000.

About a year ago the diamond was bought by a Persian named Habid, who was said to be acting for an Indian potentate. He took passage for India on the French steamship Seyne, which was rammed and sunk in the China Sea by the Onda.

It was supposed that all on board were lost, but by a peculiar coincidence the man who has brought the famous stone back to Paris is a Persian named Habid. Whether he is the original one returned from the dead cannot be told, but in any event another mystery has been added to the diamond's long list.

May Yohe Wore It on Stage.

The diamond became well known in America when it scintillated on the breast of Lady Francis Hope, once the beautiful May Yohe, when, after her marriage to the son of the Earl of Newcastle, she returned to the vaudeville stage. She fell a victim to its baleful influence. After a brief married life she eloped with Putnam Bard'ee Strong, son of ex-Mayor Strong, of New York. With him she travelled all over the world, growing less and less prosperous year by year.

Last February she became the proprietor of a cheap lodging house in Seattle, and then lost even that, and was reduced to singing in the cheap music halls in the cellars of San Francisco. A few months ago she was stricken by paralysis while singing, and is now said to be a helpless paralytic.

Thief Slain by Dogs.

But long before May Yohe ever heard of the diamond it had a sinister history. The first known of it was when it was brought to Paris in the reign of Louis XIV. by a traveling jeweler named Tavernier, who is said to have stolen it from a Hindoo idol. Then it weighed in its rough state 112 carats, but after it had been recut by an Amsterdam jeweler it weighed 67¼ carats. Tavernier later was torn to pieces by wild dogs in Constantinople.

King Louis gave the gem to Madame de Montespan to wear. She lost his love and he abandoned her. Nicholas Fouquet, Intendant of France, borrowed the diamond from the King and wore it. He was disgraced and died in prison. Marie Antoinette begged for the jewel and wore it. She was beheaded, as was King Louis himself.

The great blue stone was also worn by the Princess de Lamballe, who was torn to pieces by a French mob. William Fals, the jeweler, who recut the stone, died a ruined man. His son, Hendrik, who stole the jewel from his father, committed suicide from remorse. Some years later it was sold to Francis Beaulieu and he died in misery and want.

Trail of Murder and Miscry.

Daniel Eliason, a London jeweler, got possession of the gem and sold it to Henry Thomas Hope, a rich London banker, just before he failed in business. The banker suffered a long series of misfortunes, including the death of his favorite son.

The stone passed to Lord Francis Hope in time, and he became a bankrupt and lost his wife. He sold the diamond to Simon Frankel, a New York jewcler, and it brought him financia difficulties. The next owner, Jacques Colet, went mad and committed suicide. Prince Ivan Kanitovski, who bought it from Colet, was killed by Russian revolutionists, and Mlle. Ladue, to whom he lent it, was murdered by her sweetheart.

The jewel came into the possession of Simon Montharides, who sold it to Sultan Abdul Hamid, and a little later was thrown from a precipice while riding with his wife and child and all were killed.

The sultan gave it to Abu Sabir to polish and he was tortured and imprisoned. Kulub Bey, who guarded the treasure, was hanged by a Turkish mob. The keeper of the vault in which the diamond reposed was strangled. The sultan's favorite, who wore it, was shot by Abdul Hamid, who himself was dethroned. Habib bought it from the sultan and his fate is unknown.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Nov. 1.—Weakness at Liverpool, the generally bearish tone to foreign markets and an easier feeling in the northwest tended to cause a decline in wheat at the outset today. Within a half hour from the call, buying developed that put the market on its feet, at least temporarily and carried prices back to about the previous closing level. There was a big increase in the European visible supply. Toledo cash opened ⅜c off at 93c, December ¾c lower at 93⅝c, May ⅝c lower at 98¾c, and July ½c lower at 95½c.

The early bulge had a short life and renewed liquidation depressed prices and further weakened the market by bringing out stop-lost orders. The close was the low level of the day. Cash finished ⅝c off at 92¾c, December ⅞c down at 92½c, May ⅞c off at 98½c, and July ¾c lower at 95¼c. No. 2 rye was quoted 1c up at 78c.

Strength of corn was continued from yesterday and had something to do with the rally in wheat. December opened ½c higher at 48⅜c, May ⅛c higher at 51⅛c, and July unchanged at 52½c. The market advanced about ¼c in the first hour. Buying by Chicago commission and cash houses.

Light offerings formed an important factor. Closes: Cash 51½c, December 48¾c, May 51¼c, July 52¼c.

Oats shared in the general bullish undertone of the cereals. December opened unchanged at 34½c, May ⅜c advanced at 37⅝c and July ⅝c advanced at 36c. Oats followed corn by gaining ¼c before 10 a. m. in December and May.

Cash and December oats finished at 34½c, December at 37¼c, and July at 36¼c.

In the first half hour clover seed gained 10c over the previous close, advancing 5c at the outset and a similar amount shortly after the call. At 10 a. m. prices were: Cash $8.55, December $8.55 and March $8.60.

Clover seed prices at the close were about the same as the noon values.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Nov. 1.	Close Oct. 31.
Wheat—					
Cash	93	....	....	92¾	93⅜
Dec.	93½	94½	....	93½	94⅜
May	98⅝	99½	....	98½	99⅝
July	95½	96	....	95¼	96
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	51⅛	51⅛
Dec.	48⅛	49¼	....	48⅜	48⅜
May	51½	....	....	51⅛	51⅛
July	52½	52¾	....	52¼	52½
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	34½	34½
Dec.	34½	34½	....	34½	34½
May	37⅝	....	....	37½	37
July	36	....	....	36¼	35¾
Clover Seed—					
Cash	8.50	....	....	8.55	8.45
Dec.	8.50	....	....	8.57½	8.50
March	8.57½	....	....	8.60	8.50
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	78	77
No. 3	....	....	....	74	73
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	4.40	4.40
Nov.	....	....	....	4.40	....
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.90	8.90
Dec.	....	....	....	8.90	8.90

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Dec.	90	90¼	....	89¼	90⅛
May	96¼	96⅝	....	95½	96⅝
July	94¼	94⅝	....	93½	94⅝
Corn—					
Dec.	46½	47¼	....	46⅜	46⅝
May	49⅝	49⅝	....	49¼	49⅝
July	50¼	50½	....	50	50¼
Oats—					
Dec.	31⅝	31⅞	....	31¼	31⅜
May	34⅝	35	....	34⅝	34⅝
July	34¼	34⅝	....	34¼	34¼

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Dec.	97¼	98	....	97	98¼
May	1.03¼	1.03¼	....	1.02⅝	1.03⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Dec.	91⅞	92¾	....	91¾	92¼
May	97⅜	....	....	96⅞	98⅛

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	99¼	1.00½
May	....	....	....	1.04¾	1.05⅛

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	1.01⅝	1.02¼
May	....	....	....	1.05½	1.06¼

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Jan.	16.95	17.10	....	17.00	17.00
May	16.05	16.17	16.02	16.05	16.02
Nov.	17.00	....	....	17.00	....
Lard—					
Nov.	11.55	....	11.47	11.50	11.47
Jan.	10.20	....	....	10.25	10.20
May	9.70	....	....	9.72	9.70
Ribs—					
Nov.	....	....	....	....	9.07
Jan.	9.05	....	....	9.07	9.07
May	8.85	....	....	8.87	11.40

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Nov. 1.—Receipts of hogs were light and the market weak. Packers were principal buyers. Veal calves were quoted a little higher.

Hogs—26c; selected heavies, $8.25@8.40; good mediums, $8.50; heavy porkers, $8.60; light yorkers, $8.60; good mixed, 150 lbs. and up, $8.50@8.60; good pigs, $8.60@8.65; bulk of sales, $8.50@8.40; stags and roughs, $6.50@7.50.

Cattle—Choice steers, 1,250 and up, $6.00@6.50; good to choice, $6.00@6.25; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200, $5.50@6.00; fair to good, 900 to 1,100, $5.25@5.75; common and light steers, $4.50@5.00; choice to fat cows, $3.50@4.25, fair to good cows, $3.00@4.00; common cows, $2.50@3.00; canners and cutters, $2.00@2.50; prime export bulls, $3.50@4.00; good butcher bulls, $3.25@3.75; fair to good bologna, $3.25@3.50; common, $3.00@3.25; choice fat heifers, $4.00@5.00; fair to good heifers, $4.00@4.00; common and light heifers, $3.00@3.50; good to choice feeding steers, $5.00@5.50; fair to good feeders, $4.50@5.00; stockers, good to choice, $4.00@4.50; stockers, common to fair, $4.00@4.25; milkers and springers, $25@50.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $4.00@4.50; good to choice mixed, $3.50@4.00; fair to good, $3.00@3.50; culls and common, $2.00@3.00; culls to fair, $1.00@5.00; yearlings, $4.00@4.50; lambs, choice, $6.40.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $9.00@9.50 down.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Nov. 1.—Cattle, receipts estimated at 9,000; market weak; Texas steers, $3.30@5.60; western steers, $4.00@6.65; stockers and feeders, $4.10@5.35; cows and heifers, $2.15@6.20; calves, $7.50@10.25. Hogs, receipts estimated at 17,000; market 10c lower; light, $8.20@8.65; mixed, $7.75@8.65; heavy, $7.35@8.50; rough, $7.35@7.55; good to choice heavy, $7.55@8.50; pigs, $7.60@8.45; bulk of sales, $7.60@8.40. Sheep, receipts estimated at 40,000; market 10c lower; native, $2.60@4.30; western, $2.65@4.30; yearlings, $4.30@5.40; lambs, native, $4.75@6.65; western, $4.75@6.60.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 1.—Cattle steady, 1,500. Hogs slow, 10c lower. Heavy mixed mediums and yorkers $8.70@8.80; lights $8.80@8.85; pigs $8.85@8.90. Sheep dull 5c down, top lambs $6.50. Calves slow, 0@¼c, $9.75 down.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Nov. 1.—(By Bower & Bower)—Hogs, receipts 25 cars; market lower; yorkers and pigs, $8.65; heavy, $8.30. Lambs, $6.40. Calves, $10. Cattle, $4.50@6.75.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, Nov. 1.—(By Swope, Hughes, Waltz & Benstead)—Cattle, 8 cars; market slow. Hogs, 25 cars; market lower; heavy, $8.25@8.60; yorkers, $8.60@8.70; pigs, $8.90@9. Sheep, 65 cars; market slow; best lambs, $6.65; yearlings, $5@5.50; wethers, $4.50@4.75; ewes, $3.@4.25. Calves, $5@10.50.

Money and Stocks.

New York, Nov. 1.—(Wall Street)—Prices moved very sluggishly at the opening of the stock market today, in the absence of business from London, where the stock exchange was closed for a holiday. United States Steel, Union Pacific and Reading opened unchanged and then dropped slightly on nominal transactions. Canadian Pacific advanced 1¾.

After backing and filling for a while, in which Amalgamated Copper showed strength, the whole market eventually sold off. Among the more active stocks Reading showed the greatest weakness, but there was distinct heaviness also through the general western railroad group and several specialties. Reading and New York Central declined a point. Bethlehem Steel advanced 1¾. Louis & Nashville second preferred 1¼, and General Electric 1½.

An advance of 2¾ in Canadian Pacific placed it at 202¼, the highest price in its history. There was strength in other speculative stocks, and the general list rose in sympathy to a fraction over last night. The market was very dull. Mocking Valley advanced 6, New York, Chicago and St. Louis, 1¼. Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste Marie 1½, Wisconsin Central 1¾, Chesapeake and Ohio 1¼, and Amalgamated Copper 1. American steel foundries declined 2¾, and Cleveland C. C. and St. Louis 3. Bonds were steady.

Inactive stock furnished the only feature of the market. Cleveland C. C. St. Louis, which ended yesterday 71, opened 10 points down at 61, and then recovered to 70 on 100 shares transactions. Mocking Valley advanced 14 points on 125 and three transactions. Wisconsin Central preferred broke 4 points. American Hide and Leather preferred got up 1, and Reading first preferred 1¼.

New York Stocks.

Big Four furn'shed the sensation on the Ne woYork Stock Exchange Tuesday by open ng 9 points down at 61 and swinging back to about the level of the previous close before midday. There was no apparent reason for the wide movement.

The list in general was dull but firm, and on an average a half point up at the close. Tradig was light.

New York, Nov. 1, 1910.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Am. Loco. com.	39¼	40	39⅝	40
Atchison	103⅜	104⅜	103⅜	104⅜
Am. Car. and F. Co.	54¼	54¾	54	54¼
Anaconda	41½	42	41½	42
Amal. Copper	69⅜	70⅝	69¼	70⅝
Am. Smelters	80¼	80¾	79⅝	80¼
Am. Woolen Co.	33½	33¾	33½	33¾
Am. Tel and Tel.	141¼	141⅝	140¼	141¼
Am. Cotton Oil	65½	66¾	65½	66¾
Am. Beet Sugar	37	37⅛	37	37
Balt. and Ohio	108¾	109	108¾	109
B. R. T. Trans.	77	77	76¾	77
Cast I. Pipe pfd.	56	56	56	56
Beth Steel com.	32	32	31	31
Canadian Pac.	201	202¾	200¾	201¾
Chicago and W.	23¼	23¼	23¼	23¼
Clover Leaf pfd.	88¾	88¾	88¾	88¾
Ches. and Ohio	82¾	83⅜	82¾	83½
Central Leather	34⅝	35	34¾	34¾
Consolidated Gas	136	136½	136	136¼
Can. pfd.	75	75	75	76¼
Erie com.	29¾	29¾	29¾	29¾
Erie 1st pfd.	49	49	48¾	48¾
Gt. Northern pfd.	126	126½	126	126½
Ill. Central	132⅝	132⅝	132⅝	132⅝
Interborough com.	21⅝	22⅛	21⅝	22⅛
Interborough pfd.	57	57¾	56¾	57¾
Laclede Gas	104½	104½	104½	104½
Merc. Marine pfd.	17⅜	17⅜	17⅜	17⅜
Missouri Pacific	54	54	53⅜	54
M. S. M.	133¼	141¼	133¼	140⅝
M. K. & T. com.	34½	34½	34¼	34½
Nor. Pacific	118¾	119	118¾	119
Nat'l Lead	59⅝	59⅝	59⅜	59⅜
N. Y. Central	116¼	116¼	115¾	116
Nickel Plate com.	67	68¼	67	68½
N. & W. com.	98⅜	98⅞	98⅜	98⅝
N. & W. Con. 4's	100¼	100¼	100¼	100¼
Penn. Ry.	131¾	131¾	131¼	131¾
People's Gas Co.	108½	109	108½	109
Reading com.	153½	154¾	153½	152⅞
Rock Island	33	33⅜	32⅝	33⅛
Rock Island pfd.	64½	64¾	64¼	64½
South. Ry. pfd.	59	59	59	59
St. Paul	122¾	123¾	122¾	124⅝
South. Pacific	118	118⅝	117¾	118⅝
So. Pac. Con. 4's	98⅜	98⅜	98⅜	98⅜
Sless-Shef. com.	51½	51½	50⅝	51½
Texas Pacific	26⅞	26⅞	26⅞	26⅞
Tenn. Copper	37¼	37¼	36¾	37¼
Union Pacific	173¾	173¾	172½	173⅝
Un. Pac. Con. 4's	105¼	105¼	105	105
U. S. Steel	78¾	78⅞	77⅝	78⅝
U. S. Steel pfd.	117¾	117¾	117	117⅜
U. S. Steel 5's	107⅜	107⅜	107⅜	107⅜
U. S. Rubber com.	36	36	35⅝	36
Utah Copper	48¾	49¼